

A young couple asks
the party leaders:

"Why
should we vote
for you?"

READ THEIR ANSWERS

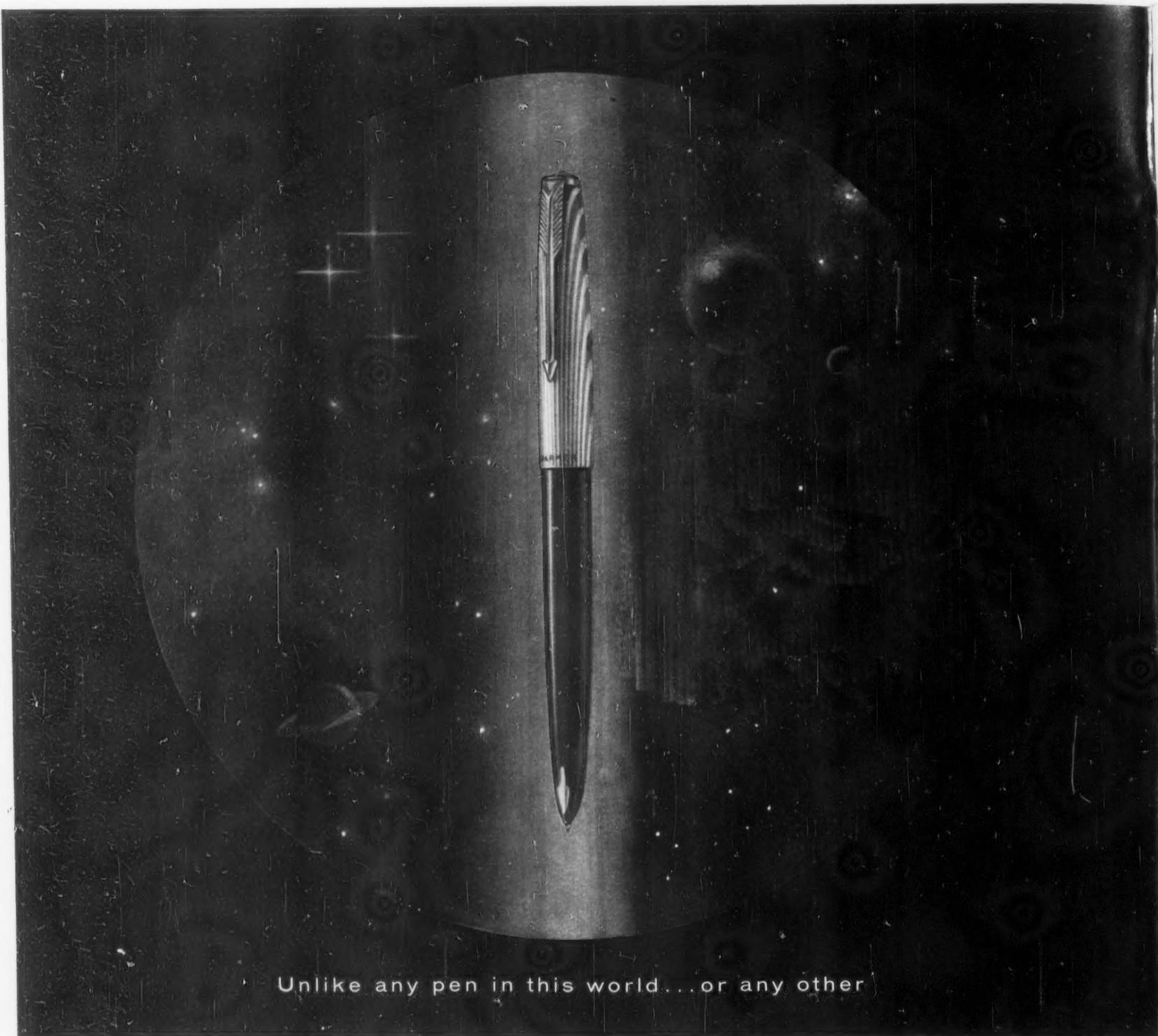
Will Harry Ferguson revolutionize car-making?

NATHAN COHEN: The embattled maestro of Fighting Words

MACLEAN'S

JUNE 8 1957 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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MACLEAN'S

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

- ✓ Polio funds plan multi-million giveaway
- ✓ Automatic cop will soon chase speeders
- ✓ Say good-by to The Barris Beat on television

WHO CAN USE \$50 MILLION A YEAR? That's the puzzle this continent's polio foundations are facing now that polio's being licked by the Salk vaccine and other treatment. The **March of Dimes** raised more than \$45 million for this year's work in the U.S. and more than a million in Canada. The U.S. Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, with 3,100 chapters, is looking for some place to put the cash. Five of the ten provincial branches in Canada have broadened their work to help all orthopedically disabled people.

PREVIEWING CAR DRIVING: New automatic cops will not only warn you if you're going too fast; they'll catch you if you don't slow down. Present radar apparatus can measure car speed; a new gadget also starts a battery of flashing signs warning you to ease up on the throttle. If you don't, cameras connected to the radar will photograph your car and license for police . . . **One set of traffic signs** and regulations for all Canada will probably be adopted by provinces, thanks to pressure by the Canadian Highway Safety Conference. There are now five different systems in the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, the prairies and B.C.

HERE'S BAD NEWS FOR TALL PEOPLE: Furniture is getting shorter and shorter. It's an Oriental influence, and it calls for dining tables 25½ inches off the floor and chairs about 16 inches. **Other Oriental props:** antique Japanese screens, which may be hung from ceiling tracks as room dividers, and a complete Oriental garden including Shangri-La court and Moongate waterfall . . . But there's also a note of orthodoxy in the newest accent on living: the beaded curtain in the archway of grandma's living room is coming back as a high-style feature for homes.

PREVIEWING FASHION: The rainbow's the limit in women's unmentionables. Summer hosiery will come in pink, red, yellow and suntan; autumn in grey, brown, charcoal, rose and taupe. Lingerie and foundation garments — traditionally white or black — are flowering out in daffodil yellow, red, blue and pastel shades, to match outer garments . . . **Another exotic touch:** lingerie by the Queen's dressmaker Norman Hartnell, who with twelve other top British couturiers is going into the ready-to-wear trade to help Britain in her dollar crisis.

ONE OF CANADA'S BIGGEST book-writing jobs will soon be launched by McClelland and Stewart Ltd. It's a two-million-word history of Canada in fourteen volumes in both French and English, covering the country's exploration and development from the year 1000 to 1960. The editor-in-chief is Prof. W. L. Morton of the University of Manitoba history department, who does not expect to publish the first volume until 1959.

PREVIEWING TV: CBC is getting ready to drop The Barris Beat, the Saturday-night variety show emceed by newspaperman Alex Barris. It can't find a sponsor and can't afford to carry both Barris and Wayne and Shuster, who are also unsponsored but look like better bets to the CBC . . . **Fighting Words**, which has never earned a nickel for the CBC, but has been wooed by at least four hopeful sponsors in five years, may go to one of them next season. . . . **General Motors** is flirting with the idea of retrieving GM Theatre, the hour-long drama program it sponsored in 1955-56 but dropped last season, leaving the CBC to pay the bills to keep it alive.

LOOK FOR SCIENTISTS to expand their interest in the barnyard. Successful experiments already include the feeding of chickens with terramycin to double their egg output, and using the drug to fatten steers.

PREVIEWING WEATHER: Don't count on getting an early suntan yet. A long-range weather forecast prepared for Maclean's by Weather Engineering Corporation of Canada, in Montreal, predicts some warm weather across Canada in the next two weeks, but it will be cool with rain and storms too. Here are the regional outlooks: **Southern B.C. and western prairies**—cloudy and cool, showers in B.C.; **Eastern prairies**—fair and cool, cloudy in second week of June; **Ontario and Quebec**—warm but turning cloudy and stormy on June 8 week end; **Maritimes**—warmer than normal, with storms on second week end.

WATCH FOR A new news czar / A shake-up in TV Chevalier's best / Mowat's own story



St. Clair Balfour Madeleine O'Donnell

MEN TO WATCH: **St. Clair Balfour**, rugged-looking executive vice-president and heir apparent to the Southam Company Limited, Canada's biggest newspaper chain. Balfour is steering negotiations to merge the Southam-owned Vancouver Province with the Vancouver Sun and give the company a monopoly in three major cities: Vancouver, Edmonton and Hamilton. The firm also operates in four other cities and has tried to enter Victoria and Toronto . . . **Fred Davis**, who rose from obscurity in radio to become one of the busiest and best-paid announcers in TV, almost overnight. He gets about \$700 a week as co-host (with Anna Cameron) on Open House, and as the host of Great Movies, plus commercial jobs.

TV TO WATCH: More shows like **Fighting Words** and **Tabloid** on CBC, with a new supervisor, Bernard Trotter from London, moving in to shake

up the Talks and Public Affairs Department. He takes over in August . . . **Stratford Festival** players in a yet-to-be-decided play, International Nickel Company of Canada will pay \$60,000 for one performance in the fall.

WOMAN TO WATCH: **Madeleine O'Donnell**, youngest of Louis St. Laurent's five children. She's his aide on the hustings and was his mainstay in Europe and Asia in 1954. Many Liberals would like to see her in politics. She's interested but says husband Hugh O'Donnell and two children come first.

MOVIE TO WATCH: *Love in the Afternoon*, filmed in Paris and marking the triumphal return to the screen of Maurice Chevalier, the aging (69) French troubadour. He's an elderly private eye whose sheltered daughter, played by Audrey Hepburn, falls in love with a jaded but wealthy U.S. playboy with a gaudy romantic background. Gary Cooper gets off his horse to play the roué.

BOOKS TO WATCH: A new Canadian novelist, **John Marlyn**, who works for the National Film Board, has written a story of an immigrant family in Winnipeg of the late Twenties. It's called *Under the Ribs of Death* . . . **Farley Mowat** is publishing *The Dog Who Wouldn't Be*, his autobiography.

STRATFORD'S FUTURE

Year-round culture capital?



Tom Patterson: new irons in fire are hot.

TOM PATTERSON, the skinny business-paper editor who sold Stratford, Ont., on a Shakespearean Festival, then a jazz-music festival, will try next to sell the city on becoming Canada's culture capital—for twelve months a year instead of two.

Patterson, who has won so much personal attention from his success at Stratford that he's been approached to organize a calypso festival in the Caribbean, has these new plans for his hometown:

✓ **A Christmas festival** for children, consisting of a single major production such as Wind in the Willows or Peter Pan, plus puppet shows, children's music and films. Special trains would run to Stratford from major Ontario cities; youngsters would have lunch, an afternoon of entertainment and then home.

✓ **An Easter festival** on religious lines, perhaps Passion plays and Easter music programs by major orchestras.

✓ **A civic-promotion program** to establish Stratford as a Mecca for conventions of learned societies—physicists, musicians, educators and others.

If Patterson accepts a bid to the Caribbean (no date has been set for the proposed festival) he will work in partnership with Tyrone Guthrie, who is interested in directing such a spectacle. The big number would be a Duke Ellington musical for which Ellington has given Patterson the rights and which would go on later to New York.

CANCER OUTLOOK Drug tests raise new hopes

WHAT MANY CONSIDER to be the most encouraging medical news since the Salk polio discovery is now coming out of the cancer-research laboratories. A wide variety of drugs is being developed and tested, and even the prosaic scientific bulletins cannot conceal the optimism surrounding results. Names of the drugs won't mean much to the layman, but here's what they're doing:

METHOTREXATE has been successful in prolonging the life of children suffering from acute leukemia. The drug was also administered for two-month periods to four women with widespread cancer. In a year their cancer was suppressed and secondary growths vanished.

6-AZURACIL has been found to interfere with the growth of cancer cells in patients suffering from cancer

of the stomach, lungs, mouth and breast, as well as in leukemia victims.

LYMPHOCYTES (white blood corpuscles) from mice "immunized" against cancer, have destroyed live cancer cells in a mock life-and-death battle conducted in test tubes.

TETRACYCLINE, a near relative of the more familiar aureomycin and terramycin, is a new tool for speedy diagnosis of cancer. It penetrates tumor tissue and shows yellow fluorescence when observed under ultraviolet light.

COLEY'S TOXIN, a mixture of bacterial toxins, has subdued cancer in two patients whose conditions were considered inoperable. After injections and a period of convalescence, they were able to return to normal activities and their cancers have not reappeared.—
SIDNEY KATZ

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA WITH BLAIR FRASER

Tories now think they'll pick up thirty seats and even the Liberals admit it's not so preposterous



AS THE ELECTION CAMPAIGN moves into the home stretch, the Liberals are more worried and the Conservatives more hopeful than either party has been since the closing months of the war. Not that either expects the St. Laurent government to be turned out on June 10. Conservatives would be almost as startled as the Liberals if anyone else were able to command a majority in the new House of Commons, or even the largest single group therein. Return of the Liberals with by far the largest group is regarded as a certainty.

What the Conservatives do expect is a gain of about thirty seats for themselves. If the CCF and Social Credit also pick up a few, as they might well do in the west, the St. Laurent government would then face a parliament in which its colossal majority had shrunk to the vanishing point. Grim-faced Liberals concede that this prospect, if not actually likely, is at least no longer preposterous.

Their appraisal has little to do with tours of party leaders, attendance at political meetings or totals of juvenile chins chucked and heads patted. Both parties know that the main effect of these activities, if any, is to encourage and stimulate local party workers rather than to win votes directly.

The causes of Liberal disquiet, and of the Conservatives' wild surmise, are much deeper, not to be either created or corrected in a day. Briefly summarized, they are:

1. The provincial governments are sore.
2. The farmers are sore.
3. Lots of other people, who are not sore about anything in particular, are vaguely bored with the Liberals and think they have too big a majority.

Of course, none of these things is new, but in this campaign they—or something—produced a new and disconcerting effect. The Liberals are finding it harder than they've found it in years, and the Conservatives find it easier, to collect their campaign funds.

The arenas where provincial hostility will have most effect are, of course, the Maritimes and Ontario. Out west, where the opposition is divided, the intervention of Premiers Douglas, Manning and Bennett might conceivably help the Liberals by splitting the non-Liberal vote more evenly. In the east it's different.

Ontario has been conservative in

provincial affairs for fourteen years and New Brunswick for five, but never before has this had any effect in the federal field. Premier Frost in Ontario knew he was elected by many a Liberal vote and saw no reason to offend them. Premier Flemming of New Brunswick was alarmed, and his voters even more alarmed, by George Drew's fulminations against the tax-rental payments on which his government lives. In 1953, neither premier lifted a finger to help Conservative candidates in the federal campaign.

This time both are giving John Dieffenbaker full support. So is Hon. Robert Stanfield, the new Conservative premier of Nova Scotia. And their help is not by any means confined to platform speaking or even to organization. They help in other, more effective ways.

For example, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have been trying for years to get federal help in power development. Ottawa's interest was very hard to rouse — every suggestion met some objection or other. This spring, with an election coming up, Walter Harris' budget speech announced a power-development scheme for both provinces.

Federal-provincial co-operation was invited. But now, to Ottawa's chagrin, the provincial authorities became a little slow to appreciate the benefits of the plan. They continued, of course, to call for power development, and they made no secret of their view that Ottawa should have helped them with it long ago. They continued at the same time to look this particular gift horse

in the mouth with expressions of suspicion and distaste. Not that they turned it down, but they had no special incentive to conclude any deals before the tenth of June.

Perhaps even more ominous than the activity of provincial Conservatives has been the apathy of provincial Liberals. Prince Edward Island's feelings are still ruffled by Ottawa's blunder in over-estimating the P.E.I. population, over-paying P.E.I. tax rentals and then wanting its money back—the settlement came too late for best results in election campaigning. As for Manitoba, the only Liberal province left on the mainland of Canada, Premier Douglas Campbell was pointedly absent when Prime Minister St. Laurent visited Winnipeg.

Campbell's motives may well have been worse than pique, from the Liberal point of view. He makes no pretense of being a great statesman, but one thing Doug Campbell does know is how the farmer feels—he's a farmer himself. With an election of his own coming up this year in which the farm vote will be vital, he evidently thought that the itinerant Liberals from Ottawa would do him more harm than good in rural Manitoba.

This is the thought that really makes the Liberals' blood run cold. Provincial politicians don't worry them so much; they doubt that the average voter cares two pins whether or not his local government is annoyed with his national government. But if the farmer is really as angry as Doug Campbell seems to think he is, then the Grits are in for real trouble. And they have

plenty of evidence of their own that the farmer is indeed an angry man.

Ontario rural members, including ministers, find that the farmer considers himself the forgotten man of the Canadian boom. Everybody else is prosperous, but the farmer is worse off than he was before. And in Ontario especially he doesn't need to be told about this contrast—he can see it for himself. Most Ontario farms, producing a fairly austere living, are only a few miles away from the industrial towns and the booming suburbs which are the symbols as well as the heirs of Canadian prosperity.

These rural voters, far from being inspired, are enraged by Liberal propaganda on the theme, "You've never had it so good." Every time C. D. Howe says Canada is bursting at the seams an Ontario farmer bursts at the vest buttons. One small-town organizer notified Ottawa, about mid-May, that he was using the party literature for urban distribution only. He said it made the average farmer absolutely furious, but he was afraid most MPs were sending it out to their whole mailing list anyway.

So, when Conservatives are asked where they hope to gain thirty seats, they don't have to be too specific. There are about twenty Liberal seats in Ontario where the shift of one thousand voters or less, from the Liberal to the Conservative column, would bring a Tory victory. There are also about two dozen Liberal seats in Ontario where the rural vote is substantial enough to offset the urban vote. The two groups overlap to some extent, but not too much.

Outside Ontario, they have good hope of picking up at least two more seats in Nova Scotia, one or maybe two more in New Brunswick, one or maybe two more in Prince Edward Island. Manitoba offers them a couple of fighting chances for extra seats, and Saskatchewan maybe one. Also, the Conservatives, as the second-largest group, would benefit indirectly from CCF gains in Saskatchewan and Social Credit gains in Alberta and B.C.

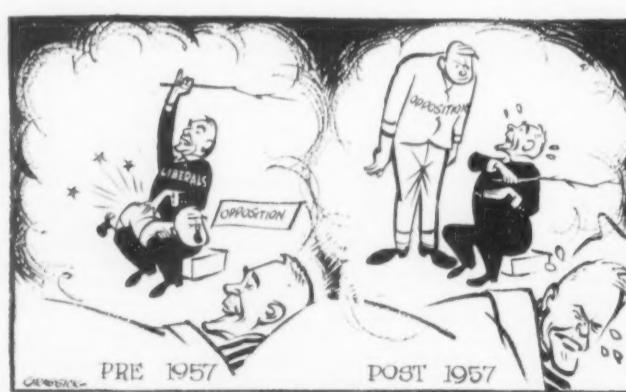
Incidentally, Liberal propaganda contains another boomerang besides the prosperity theme. There is also a double edge to the argument that only the Liberals can form a government, that they and they alone can roll up a majority across the land.

There are many people in Canada who don't really want to turn the Liberals out but who do think nothing would do the Liberals so much good as a good swift kick. The more the Liberals talk about the inevitability of a Liberal government, the more they reassure these fifty-one-percent Liberal voters. After all, if the Liberals are going to be re-elected anyway it's quite safe to vote Tory and take the self-satisfied smirk off their faces.

Quite early in the campaign, over a late snack on the overnight train to Toronto, a Conservative MP said:

"I think we ought to fight this campaign as if it were two hundred and sixty-five by-elections. There isn't any real national issue, and we'll look silly if we try to pretend there is one. But a lot of people are fed up with the Grits, for a lot of different reasons, and there's no reason why we shouldn't try for all of them."

At this point it doesn't look as if this strategy had been consciously or intentionally followed, but it might work out that way just the same. ★



BACKSTAGE WITH FINANCE

How the finance companies are beating the tight-money policy

CANADA'S FINANCE companies are beating Canada's tight-money policy by outbidding banks for the ready cash of individuals and corporations. Some investment companies are offering from 5½ percent to 12 percent on such money loaned to them. In turn they can charge 24 percent annual interest on small loans up to \$300.

Although the chartered banks since 1953 have raised interest rates on deposits from 1½ percent to 2½ percent, they are losing many of their largest

depositors—companies and individuals with surplus bank cash.

With large sums in savings thus being freed for circulation, inflationary tendencies are continuing. James Coyne, governor of the Bank of Canada, has already hinted that government controls may be the only way to slow down Canadians' borrowing.

Canada as a nation has never been richer, but Canadians as individuals have never been deeper in debt. About 12 cents out of every dollar earned is

now pledged to repay past loans. Consumer debt totals more than \$2.6 billion—about \$700 per Canadian family. Toronto has a collection bureau for every 25,000 citizens, the highest ratio in the world. (About 5 percent of debts are not collected.)

Bank loans have doubled in the past ten years, but finance-company loans are up 1,000 percent. Loan companies no longer limit themselves to backing consumer purchases. "Finance companies," says Coyne, "carry on an operation which is in all essentials banking, but they are not restrained by changes in monetary conditions."

Many finance firms now lend money to construction companies, taxi-fleet operators, manufacturers and wholesale houses.—PETER NEWMAN

Backstage WITH FOOTBALL / It's a rich man's game — here's what they're spending

THE MOST UNINHIBITED spending spree in Canadian football history has now begun, and the question is whether it will drive some teams out of business. Between them, nine professional clubs will spend close to \$5 million this year on assorted players from the U.S., plus Canadian helpers.

Businessmen who warned five years ago that football budgets of \$200,000 would lead to ruin are now budgeting \$500,000. At least three clubs, Calgary, Hamilton, Ottawa (and likely Regina), will need larger stadiums to survive.

Can football stand this spending?

Such men as Sydney Halter, commissioner of Western Interprovincial Union, and Leo Dandurand, president of Montreal Alouettes, say "Yes."

Such men as James McCaffrey (Ottawa), Don MacDonald (Regina), Marvin "Red" Dutton (Calgary) and Jake Gaudaur (Hamilton) say "No."

Here is the detailed picture:

Vancouver Lions will spend \$15,000 this year but they still expect to make a \$30,000 profit (last year's was \$53,000). Lions' manager Herb Capozzi says: "There is no need for concern. All the clubs losing money need is to win." **Edmonton Eskimos**, Grey Cup champions, made \$50,000 on an income of \$500,000 last year, but it was all thanks to their playoff wins, worth \$90,000. "Football costs are not yet prohibitive," says president Cecil Ross, "but they're working that way." Coach Frank Ivy's footballers are highest paid in Canada.



Eskimo's Ivy: his men are top paid.



Argos' Hayman: hopes to break even.

Calgary Stampeders have shown deficits of varying size for three years. "The battle to exist is tremendous because of competition with other WIFU clubs with larger stadiums," says president Dutton. "But we don't intend to quit."

Saskatchewan Roughriders escape bankruptcy by running raffles and making friends with every cash customer. They spent \$420,000 last year; gate receipts were \$250,000. Playoffs and fund drives raised the difference. "We'll have to think of quitting if we don't get more help from the league," says president MacDonald. (The western clubs have a small pool to help have-nots.)

Winnipeg Blue Bombers had a profit of \$5,000 on total receipts of almost \$490,000. "Providing we have no serious injuries, we expect to do better," says president James Russell. Winnipeg favors profit-sharing for western clubs, "but we won't bonus inefficiency."

Toronto Argonauts lost \$60,000 last

year, their third bad year in a row. But with a new manager, Lew Hayman, they'll increase spending. "We'll need \$550,000 to break even," says Hayman.

Hamilton Tiger-Cats showed a small profit, thanks to \$130,000 from TV, radio and concessions. "Our only chance of surviving is a stadium to seat 25,000," says president Gaudaur.

Ottawa Rough Riders had their best year (a profit of \$20,000 on receipts of \$390,000), but it took TV and radio rights worth \$100,000 to save them. "Since we started to import players salaries have gone beyond the reach of everybody," says president McCaffrey, "and the situation is getting worse."

Montreal Alouettes, a privately owned club, have never let the public look at their finances, but don't try to conceal the fact they're making money—perhaps more than any team in Canada. "Despite rising costs the future looks healthy," says president Dandurand.

Backstage WITH MOSCOW RADIO / Listen to the programs they're beaming at us

BAKER LAKE, N.W.T.
WITH A DOZEN or so Eskimos, I have a front-row seat at the programs Radio Moscow is beaming across the North Pole. Every night at six an announcer in perfect BBC English begins:

"Good evening, everybody. This is Radio Moscow transmitting to North America on the 25 and 31 metre bands. Listeners in the U.S. and Canada can tune to the following frequencies—11.93, 11.89, 11.84, 11.82..."

Then follow seven solid hours of newscasting, folk and classical music, heart-to-heart talks and information about Russia. It tends to become repetitious if you listen all evening—frequencies change every hour as Moscow blankets the Arctic air, and the same programs are broadcast over and over.

Most are ten-minute features with such titles as Moscow Mailbag, Calling Canadian Listeners, What's with Social-

ism—Let's Talk It Over. A currently favorite song title is, "Am I Not Russian?" Rarely is there any "Hate the West" line, although recently this came booming over our snows:

"Immediately following the news there will be a commentary on the suicide of the Canadian Ambassador to Cairo as a direct result of U.S. interference in Canada's internal affairs."

On the program Moscow Mailbag, answers are given to people who supposedly have written from Canada and the U.S.:

"Tonight we have a question on USSR forests from Mr. McNeil of Saskatchewan . . . one on Soviet farming from Mr. Fletcher of Nova Scotia . . . Which will we take first, Nick? The one on farming? Good . . . We hope you are listening, Mr. Fletcher."

The news, on the hour every hour, is mostly politics and sports:

"Washington: The U.S. foreign office insists Fascism is dead in West Germany, yet it appoints ex-Fascists to top NATO posts."

"Korea: New groups of South Koreans are going over to North Korea expressing dissatisfaction with conditions in South Korea."

But these items are separated by news from Moscow that the world chess tournament is in its tenth game.

Is Moscow Radio having much effect on our listening habits in the far Canadian North? Not much. We tune in now and again out of curiosity, or when a visitor from the south wants to hear it. Mostly we listen to Saskatoon, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Prince Albert. When all broadcasts fail we get Moscow.

The Russians don't even reach the Eskimos, who are crazy about cowboy music and won't listen to anything else.—DOUGLAS WILKINSON

Background

- The MPs who never speak
- Hailey can't win 'em all
- Trading stamps going out

From every political platform candidates are boasting about their hard work at Ottawa. Tabulations show that three members—**Ernest Gingras** (Richmond - Wolfe), **Marcel Monette** (Montreal-Mercier) and **Leandre Thibault** (Matapedia - Matane)—did not make a single speech or ask a single question during the entire Twenty-Second Parliament. Twenty-three MPs made three speeches or less.

Now that cigarettes are outliving the lung-cancer stigma there's a report that women who smoke are twice as likely to have premature babies as those who don't. Dr. Wine Simpson, of the San Bernardino, Calif., County Health Department, reached this conclusion after observing 7,499 patients in three years.

French Canada's best-known playwright, Roger Lemelin, will probably help French-Canada's best-known actor, Fridolin, to launch his new theatrical venture in Montreal's Radio City Theatre. Fridolin, with a \$25,000-a-year Quebec government grant and a \$300,000 theatre rent-free for a year, will pay Equity rates to actors and top-scale royalties to writers.

The Royal Winnipeg Ballet is dying. Only a financial shot-in-the-arm from the new Canada Council or a spurt in public interest will save it. For years Canada's top company, the Winnipeg company is shot full of friction. Artistic director Betty Farrelly and the premiere danseuse, Ruthanna Boris, both quit a few weeks ago. The directors are looking for replacements, but they haven't any money to hunt with. They're gambling on a Council grant to stay alive.

Arthur Hailey Slays 'Em with Suspense (Maclean's, April 27), but his humor leaves 'em cold. Although he did seven rewrites, the CBC juked his comedy, *The Transmogrification of Chester Brown*, after scheduling it.

Trading stamps—a kind of bonus coupon that just a year ago threatened to revolutionize retail merchandising—are on the way out. Surveys show that non-stamp stores last year held their own with stamp stores in the sales race and are beginning to do a little better. One chain, Steinberg's in Ottawa, has dropped stamps. The reason: non-stamp-store prices are lower.

They've done

everything to women's hair except make it stand straight on end—and now they're doing that. It's called the upward sweep and it produces a fan-like effect at the back of the head in which women will wear jewels and/or other ornaments.



Editorial

Ban atomic tests—at least until we know what harm they do

CONTINUED PLEAS from respected citizens and respected scientists asking that the United States, Great Britain and Soviet Russia cease testing atomic weapons because of the dangers of accumulating radioactivity have fallen on deaf ears. The tests go on, and the winds from the Pacific and from Siberia continue to spread those tiny particles that some consider insidious and others insist aren't dangerous.

Recently a number of important world figures have added their voices to those of Bertrand Russell, the late Albert Einstein and others, in demanding an end to the tests.

Dr. Albert Schweitzer, the saintly Nobel prize winner, has broadcast an appeal in which he says that our descendants are "threatened by the greatest and most terrible danger" as the result of the tests.

Dr. Linus Pauling, another Nobel prize winner, has estimated that at least one thousand persons will eventually die as a result of proposed thermo-nuclear tests by the British.

Dr. Ralph E. Lapp, an atomic physicist who worked during the war on the Manhattan Project, has written that present H-bomb tests are causing an accumulation of radiation harmful to the present as well as to future generations.

On the other hand, a group of equally respected scientists and laymen have emphatically denied these and other statements and are insisting that there is little danger now from thermo-nuclear tests and won't be for some time to come.

It disturbs us that the most optimistic of these statements always seem to spring from politicians or from scientists who are employed by one of the governments involved in these tests. An obvious inference is that they have let political considerations color their scientific detachment. Or it is possible that they know more about the subject (or think they do) because scientific information is no longer freely available to all and a government man can claim special and secret knowledge to bolster his opinions.

We might ask, in passing, what all this secrecy has actually accomplished. It hasn't stopped the Russians from building and testing super bombs. But it has confused what may well be the most important controversy in history.

In this great debate about the survival of humanity there are two sets of opposing opinions, honestly held and honestly arrived at. But those who insist that continued tests may distort future generations are at a two-fold disadvantage. First, they are denied a large portion of the evidence on grounds of security while being told that they don't know what they're talking about. Secondly, their remarks are often regarded as vaguely treasonous.

At the risk of being called both ignorant and disloyal, we add our own tiny editorial voice to those that have been raised asking a ban on atomic tests. We think they should be halted, at least for the moment. For one thing is now perfectly clear: there is enough reasonable doubt in all this business to demand a freer exchange of information and a careful public examination of all the evidence. As long as the doubt remains we ought to go slow. If, generations later, the pessimists turn out to be right, it will be too late.

And, we might ask, why all the eagerness to rush on with more tests of bigger, hotter, more powerful explosives? Each side now has enough destructive power stockpiled to cripple the other. The side with the best bomb isn't necessarily the side with the best chance of survival. National security no longer depends on the quality and efficiency of hydrogen bombs but, if the Einsteins, the Russells and the Schweitzers are right, national security is no longer of prime importance anyway. It is the security of the race that is in question; surely it demands as much careful thought and productive energy as the security of single nations.

Mailbag

- ✓ What makes a man vote the Communist ticket?
- ✓ "I say TV is good for my children"
- ✓ Will B.C.'s Doukhobor school breed fanatics?

THANK YOU for your article, Suppose Herbet Norman Had Been a Communist, by Ralph Allen (May 11). . . . I do not find it hard to understand how some under the stress of the Thirties could think Communism provided the answer to some terribly hard questions . . . No doubt you remember the march on Ottawa of the Thirties . . . Those poor lads didn't know whether they were for communism or not. They wanted work. But imagine!—they were told, "You will have to get your political theories straight before we can consider your wrongs or your needs" . . . WILLIAM C. TURNER, WINNIPEG.

✓ Bravo! It was high time for someone of your standing to confess freely that he had once voted Communist (most reasonably, say I), and to plead that men should be judged by their present deeds, not their past . . . LOUISE BURCHELL, WINDSOR.

They keep their TV set

I was interested in Mrs. Vivien Kimber's article, What Happened When We Threw Out Our TV Set (March 30) . . . Would I ever hate to admit that we had to throw something out! . . . Just as we advance to electric mixers we see the value of advances in entertainment. I am happy the advance is centred in the home . . . Our children have taken a keener interest in news as a result of TV . . . Our daughter

transfusions. Or is a conventional education more important than life itself? —NANCY JOHNSON, ST. JAMES, MAN.

✓ . . . The Sons of Freedom should be removed to where they can converse in Russian at will . . . —E. H. CUROTE, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

A dip in the pool of truth

Bless you for the editorial ending, "For our part we have no terror of being governed by Liberals or by Conservatives or by Social Credit or by the CCF." (Let's Weed Out the Speechless Fools, May 11.) Your sword was made



sharp on the grindstone of truth . . . To me your proclamation was like an exhilarating morning dip in clear cold waters. I came out refreshed.—NINA BARKER, TORONTO.

Make our skyways safe!

Congratulations to Franklin Russell for down-to-earth analysis of hushed-up conditions on Canada's airways (The Lurking Death on Our Crowded Skyways, April 27). As former ATC senior controllers and having taken part in organizing air-traffic control in Canada, the near misses reported by pilots . . . are still vivid in our minds . . . Perhaps it might be advisable to review incentives offered to experienced men responsible for air safety—especially if some electronic device capable of visualizing in three dimensions is still far off . . . T. E. PRESSLEY, ISLINGTON, ONT.; MAURICE N. GAUTHIER, DORVAL, QUE.



listens to pop singing but her deepest appreciation is for the concert singer, the ballet artist. Our son's love of sports has become far more real—he sees players on television and can better visualize them . . . —PAULINE HILL, REGINA.

How to help the lost children

Regarding Sidney Katz's article, The Lost Children of B.C. (May 11), and the kidnaping of Doukhobor youngsters by provincial authorities . . . there must be far deeper motives behind this brutal effort to hurt and mortify human beings than the pious hope of making good Canadians out of the young prisoners . . . Forcibly removing children from their parents is a crime against humanity when Nazis or Russians are the perpetrators. What can condone it when Canadians are guilty of such action? . . . —ANNA DAVIES, DON MILLS, ONT.

✓ If B.C.'s minister of education has the power to kidnap and confine children, by all means let us be fair to the ministers of health and allow them to do the same to the children of Jehovah's Witnesses when they need blood



13) he asks: Will he follow it through? Will this one survive? . . . Why should it even be started? I agree wholeheartedly with the CCF—the scheme is a land grab . . . To let Wenner-Gren in would be like setting fire to the best stands of timber we could find.—CATHERINE WILSON, NORTHFIELD, B.C.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 74



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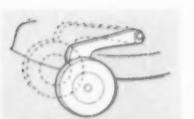
Keep your eye  on



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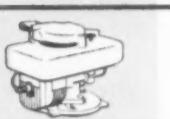
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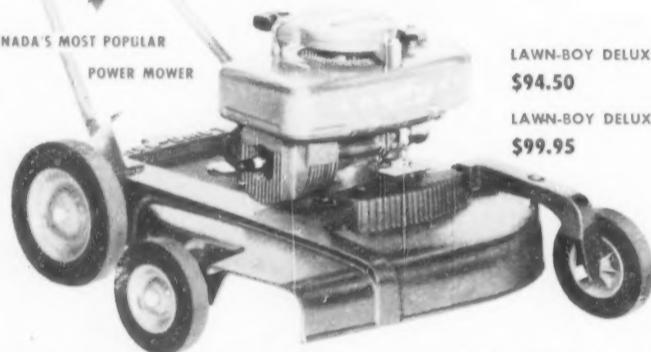
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The Cover

John Little didn't see this wedding party winding down the typical circular stairway on St. Urbain Street in old Montreal, but he's seen others just like it. The odds are, he says, that the family washing machine is on the back porch, full of ice and beer.

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*International
Reports to
Maclean's Readers*

The ST. LAWRENCE SEAWAY

*The Story of Canada's Inland Sea . . . and the key role being played
by International Construction Equipment*

In the spring of 1959 a long standing dream will become reality. The first vessel will then thread the St. Lawrence Seaway from Montreal through the Great Lakes to the Lakehead. Few can predict how this dramatic event will affect the Canadian way of life. None will deny that bringing the world's sea routes to the very heart of the continent will stimulate Canada to an ever increasing tempo of growth and prosperity.

Largest Engineering Project in History. The Seaway is not a canal in the conventional sense. Throughout much of its length it includes existing natural waterways, such as Lake St. Louis, Lake St. Francis and navigable stretches of the St. Lawrence River. However, linking these natural waterways adds up to the biggest engineering project in history.

It is virtually impossible to grasp the huge scale of this project. Perhaps some idea may be



gained by considering that in one section alone . . . The Upper Beauharnois Canal and Locks . . . 1½ million cubic yards of solid rock are being removed! An all-Canadian organization, United Waterways, comprising Angus Robertson Ltd. (organizing contractor), H. J. O'Connell, Foundation of Canada, and Pentagon Construction, hold the contract for this incredibly vast undertaking.

Only today's Construction Equipment makes this huge project possible. For example, United Waterways are using a fleet of International Pay-haulers to remove the mountains of rock from the Beauharnois section. Ruggedly built specifically for herculean tasks such as the Seaway, the Pay-haulers carry 24 tons a trip . . . at an amazing 38 m.p.h. clip. International Pay-scrappers for removing overburden and general earth-moving and giant International Crawlers are also playing significant roles in building Canada's inland waterway.

The Seaway is a symbol of Canada's dramatic coming-of-age. From Cape Breton's Canso Causeway to the Northwest's Kitimat, International Construction Equipment has an indispensable role to play in huge construction, mining, lumbering, petroleum and manufacturing developments that are signs of Canada's growing greatness.



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Head-On Smash-Up Takes Father of Two



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On his way to spend the week with his family, a young businessman was the victim of a highway smash-up.

His death came only a few months after he took out a Confederation Life Policy for \$5,000, with an Accidental Death and Dismemberment clause. He chose this policy because of its low cost Double Indemnity guarantee in case of accidental death.

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A \$5,000 policy with Confederation's Accidental Death and Dismemberment Benefit pays:

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- \$5,000 if you die from natural causes,
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For the sake of argument



ANEURIN BEVAN SAYS

Communism, too, bears seeds of freedom

A very high proportion of the human race lives under political systems that, to Western eyes, appear quite indefensible. Certainly for those, like myself, who regard democratic liberties as among the greatest achievements of mankind, the contemporary world looks gloomy in the extreme. Recent events in Hungary have served to underline the most objectionable features of modern communism. Men and women have been done to death. Many more have been deprived of their liberty, and large numbers have been compelled to flee their country for the mere assertion of rights that most of the Western world had come to regard as inseparable from a civilized way of life.

What's new about tyranny?

Six hundred millions in China, between three and four hundred millions living in other countries dedicated to communism, exist under political institutions that are the very opposite of those enshrined in the principles of liberal toleration, liberty and justice.

Stated like that, it sounds extremely depressing; the more so because communism had been associated with a revolt against tyranny, poverty and imperialist domination. What hope is there, we may well ask, if social and political movements that were inspired at their onset by noble aspirations, nevertheless serve to bind upon mankind an enslavement more objectionable than the one they set out to overthrow?

This viewpoint is the common coinage of publicists, political commentators and newspaper editors in the Western world. But is it all quite so gloomy as it sounds? Is there anything unique in the fact that a high proportion of the human race has not yet succeeded in winning through to a life lived under the spacious principles associated with the names of John Stuart Mill, Rousseau, Thomas Jefferson, and the other architects and pioneers of the concept of the uniqueness of individual human life? Is it not rather the case that tyranny, oppressive political institutions, bigotry, intolerance, cruelty, and indifference to the claims of the individual have been characteristic features of human society until recent times? You would think from reading the daily outpourings of condemnation of modern communism that something unprecedented was happening; that we are all in danger of being plunged into a new dark age.

Is it not much nearer the truth that each one of us, no matter where we may be living, is now made aware of the conditions under which all mankind is living? What is unique in the world is not the existence of tyranny, but the universal awareness of its existence. At first, this fact so novel, so terrifying, so omnipresent, is in danger of overwhelming the human spirit. Modern communications, in an infinite variety of ways, bring home to our minds the spectacle of human tragedy, of struggle and often defeat. It is easy for our spirit to surrender before the pitiful and appalling total.

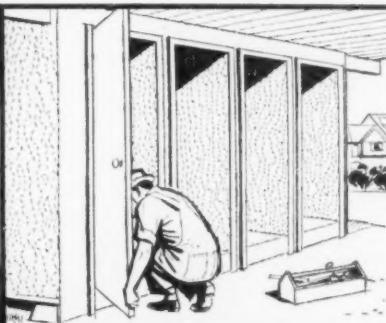
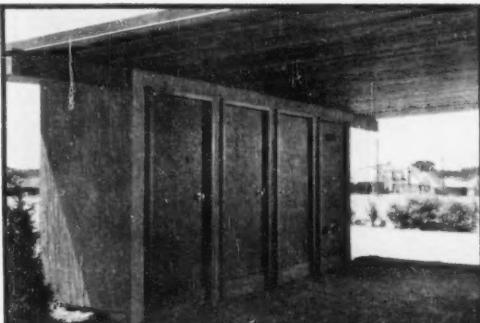
Happiness is not news. Gossip itself commands our attention only if it is sufficiently tinged with malice. But if we stand back for a moment and try to survey the human scene from a more detached standpoint, the outlook is more hopeful. I know it is difficult to maintain an attitude of philosophical detachment in face of the crimes that are being committed day by day, often in the name of progress, democracy and peace. But how are we to keep hope alive, in the face of our universal awareness, unless we try to appraise the danger on a level analogous to its own scale?

A small *continued on page 60*

FIERY AND CONTROVERSIAL ANEURIN BEVAN IS TREASURER — AND OFTEN A SHARP-TONGUED RENEGADE — OF BRITAIN'S LABOR PARTY.

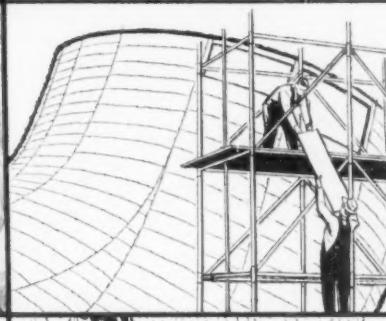
Some ideas—and free plans—for fir plywood projects

**car
ports**



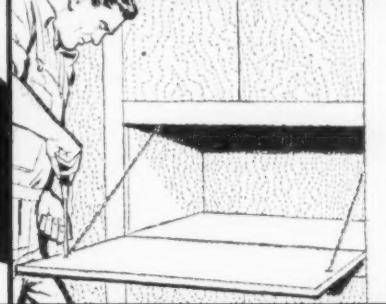
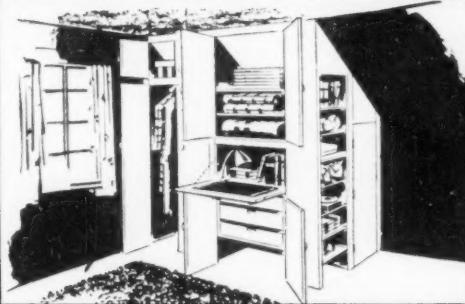
Fir plywood stands up to all weathers with the help of a special waterproof glue, which binds it strongly together. Plywood is obtainable in a number of standard thicknesses, up to $\frac{3}{4}$ in. Large, light-weight panels reduce framing work and form a rigid, air-tight wall. Easy-to-follow plans available for car port (No. 6), outdoor storage wall (No. 3) and garden cabinet (No. 10).

**technical
data**



Remarkable strength for its weight is one of many reasons why engineers and architects are using fir plywood more and more. Beam and stressed skin panel designs are analysed in the *Technical Handbook*, and concrete form work in another illustrated booklet. Data available on wall sheathing, roof decking, sub-flooring, glues, C.S.A. specifications, thermal conductivity, vapour transmission and acoustics.

**attic and
basement
rooms**



Turn a sloping upstairs ceiling, or an awkward corner of the basement, into one of the most useful storage places in the house with plywood! The plan for an under-eave built-in (No. 4) gives you ample closet space, desk, drawers, cabinets and shelves. There are plans, too, for a child's storage wall (closet, dresser, toy space (No. 7) and a flexible storage wall (No. 11).

boats



Waterproof glue fir plywood is excellent for boat-building because it is strong and durable, and reduces joints to a minimum. Stock-sized panels are 4 ft. x 8 ft., but you can get them on special order, scarf-jointed, up to 50 ft. long. Plans for 20 ft. sailboat, 13½ ft. outboard, 13½ ft. inboard, 11½ or 9 ft. skiff, and 7 ft. 9 in. pram dinghy. Information about other plans available from the Plywood Association.

**extra
storage
space**



Plywood resists warping, will not split, covers large areas with a single sheet. These properties, together with attractive appearance, make it ideal for furniture and built-ins. Get ideas from booklet *Douglas Fir Plywood Built-ins*. Plans for demountable music wall (No. 1), sectional storage wall (No. 9), island entry wall (No. 8), music and TV centre (No. 12), shelf-door wardrobe (No. 2) and odds and ends cabinet (No. 5).

Get these plans free from your lumber dealer. See your bank manager for information about home improvement loans.

Plywood Manufacturers Association of B.C., 550 Burrard St., Vancouver 1, B.C.

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- (3) Judges' decision, will be final. All entries become the property of The Bluestone Co. Our judges are illustrator Ted Harris, assisted by a panel of three artists from the Montreal Art Directors Club. The winner will be announced July 15, 1957. Winner's name will be available by writing The Bluestone Co., 525 Bonsecours Street, Montreal, Que.

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Name _____

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Mail your entry to Box 355, Station H,
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525 Bonsecours St., Montreal, P.Q.



LONDON LETTER BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

Priestley's Canadian play sizzles, fizzles

J. B. Priestley is a gifted man. J. B. Priestley is a stubborn man. And just now J. B. Priestley is an angry man, and it all stems from his intense interest in Canada.

You have heard, of course, how fashionable London crowded the large Piccadilly Theatre to attend the first night of *The Glass Cage*, written especially by Priestley for that remarkable theatrical family consisting of the 29-year-old Donald Davis, his 33-year-old brother Murray Davis and Barbara Chilcott, their 34-year-old sister.

Needless to say, the Canadian colony of London was there in force, but so were the regular first nighters, including of course the monstrous regiment of drama critics.

For various reasons everyone wanted the play to be a success. Priestley in his stormy and spectacular career has had many tilts with the gentlemen of the press, but newspapermen are a good-natured lot and they were hoping that this Canadian-inspired play would break the author's long run of ill luck. Another reason for the mounting good will is that the migration of British people to Canada has become a flood. I don't agree, by the way, with Gilbert Harding who said in Maclean's recently that Canada is getting our "softies." It still takes courage to pull up stakes and venture everything in a strange land, even though there is a common tongue and a common loyalty.

Thus London hoped that Canada and Priestley would have a tri-



Of look-alike Davis trio, Bax sees brightest future for sister Barbara.

umphant success in the West End.

I do not want to go over old ground but perhaps you will allow me to revert for a moment to my old role of dramatic critic and discuss the play. The study of a God-fearing, financially successful Toronto-Rosedale family in the early years of the twentieth century was true to life. I used to collect piano-tuning accounts from those families in that period and found the people kindly, God-fearing and rather slow to pay their bills.

But the great moment of the first act, a moment that brought a gasp from the London audience, was when the famous brothers and sister appeared in the doorway. Barbara Chilcott was as feminine as ever and almost as provocative. As for her two brothers, they looked as if they would rob a bank as quickly as *continued on page 80*



Priestley was "well served" by actors and director Kaplan (far right), but attacked Canada House for not solidly supporting London opening.



The scene: The YACHT CLUB

The cigarette: MATINÉE

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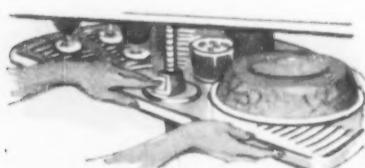
Automation goes to new lengths with fabulous G-E "Touch Action" revolving shelves, foot-pedal-operated magnetic door. Interior appointments are lavish and offer effortless convenience.

Illustrated is the majestic G-E Refrigerator-Freezer. In one beautiful double-decker design it combines two big appliances: a complete refrigerator and a true zero-degree freezer. The freezer operates completely on its own and holds up to 7½ pounds of frozen food.

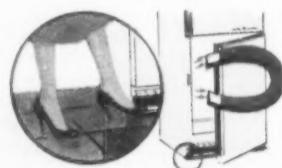
For the ultimate in refrigeration, in every price range, look to General Electric.



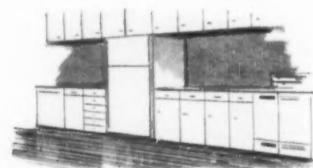
GENERAL ELECTRIC
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REVOLVING SHELVES—G-E "Touch Action" magic swings the shelves right out front. Fully adjustable, up or down, even when loaded.



MAGNETIC SAFETY DOOR—No mechanical latch—magnetic closing every time. Touch the foot pedal for silent, effortless operation.



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CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

A young Canadian couple
about to vote
in a federal election
for the first time
asked the leaders of
Canada's four major political parties:



What should young people do when, voting for the first time, they realize they know very little about the parties they are asked to support? This problem was presented to Maclean's by David Watts, a third-year student in Commerce at the University of Toronto, and his wife Joan, a schoolteacher. They both reached the age of 21 last year, married and moved into a bungalow in suburban North York. Now, they are about to assume the further responsibility of voting. "We have no political affiliations," says David, who intends to become a salesman. "We're confused about what each party stands for." At the suggestion of Maclean's the Watts wrote to the leaders of Canada's four major political parties and asked what they do stand for. The Watts' letter is on next page.

"Why
should
we
vote
for
YOU?"



ST. LAURENT
LIBERAL



DIEFENBAKER
CONSERVATIVE



COLDWELL
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LOW
SOCIAL CREDIT

READ THEIR ANSWERS ON THE NEXT PAGE ➤

HERE IS THE LETTER THE WATTS SENT TO CANADA'S LEADERS

89 Grovendale Ave.,
Toronto 15, Ontario.

Dear Sir;

Many young people like my wife Joan and I will soon be voting for the first time in a federal election. Both of us realize the right we shall be exercising is a very important one. We want to do our best to use it wisely.

Neither of us, as yet, has any settled loyalty to any party, and sorting out a set of loyalties isn't easy in these confusing times.

We have heard that the Liberals have been in power too long and have lost respect for parliament.

We have heard that the Conservatives no longer stand for the virtues of conservatism, or oppose the intrusion of the government into business and nearly everything else connected with our ways of living.

We have heard that the C.C.F. which began as a socialist party with a certain appeal for the young, has become indistinguishable from the older parties.

We have heard that the Social Credit party doesn't even understand the economic theories of Social Credit and that it countenances religious and other kinds of prejudice.

Joan and I understand that these negative things are said about political parties by their opponents. We also understand that in its roots Canadian democracy is still in a healthy state and has been well served, in the main, by our political leaders.

What we ask of you, to help us cast our first votes intelligently, is a clear statement of the constructive policies of each party.

Please set down the chief reasons why you think your party deserves our support.

yours sincerely,

David Watts.

HERE ARE THE REPLIES THE PARTY LEADERS SENT TO THE WATTS



FROM

Louis S. St. Laurent

Dear Mr. Watts:

Thank you for your letter and for the care that you and your wife are taking to study the various political parties in Canada before you cast your first votes.

I agree with you that Canadian democracy is in a healthy state and that it has been well served by our political parties — both in opposition and in government. I cannot agree, however, that the Canadian people have somehow failed our democracy by keeping Liberal Governments in power "too long." I suggest that a party has not been too long in office until, in the opinion of the electors, it is no longer capable of giving better government than one of the opposition parties.

The important question, surely, is not whether one party has tired of being in opposition and feels badly in need of **CONTINUED ON PAGE 67**



FROM

John G. Diefenbaker

Dear Mr. Watts:

Yours is a welcome letter and one to which I am happy indeed to reply. It is a welcome letter for many reasons, but chief among these is the thoughtful approach you are taking to the privilege and responsibility of casting your first ballot.

In my journeys across this great country of ours, I have found everywhere among younger people just such an honest questing as yours for guidance and knowledge.

Canadian young people are demonstrating a new and genuine enthusiasm for direct participation in politics. I have seen evidence that convinces me that an increasing majority is giving active support to the Progressive Conservative Party and its candidates.

I welcome this vital contribution to our party, because only in this way can we function as a party of the people — **CONTINUED ON PAGE 68**



FROM

M. J. Coldwell

Dear David:

Although we have never met, I am addressing you just as I would my own son although it has been a few years since he was your age. I would hope, too, that this letter can be like a friendly chat, as if you and your wife and I were sitting before the fireplace.

You mention in your letter that the coming federal election gives you your first opportunity to vote. I can quite understand the problem that you and your wife have in mind for I remember so clearly my own dilemma years ago when I, too, had my first opportunity to vote. That was in the general election of 1911. There were then only two national parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, and I could not support either of them. Indeed, it seemed to me then, as it does now, that there was no essential difference between them.

What was to be done? I decided then, as did **CONTINUED ON PAGE 70**



FROM

S. E. Low

Dear Joan and David:

I am delighted to do what I can to help you cast your first votes intelligently. For the serious attitude you have taken toward the responsibilities of your Canadian Citizenship, I congratulate you.

No one can learn the truth about a political party by listening only to what is said by their opponents. Moreover, your intelligence will tell you that there is all too often very wide difference between what political parties *promise* and the way they *perform* when they are in office. Therefore, in setting down the reasons why I think the Social Credit party deserves your support, I shall not describe in detail an election platform, but will lay emphasis on what we consider to be the basis of good government; and upon what the two Social Credit administrations are *doing* in Alberta and British Columbia by way of improving the security, the welfare, and the **CONTINUED ON PAGE 71**



Will Harry Ferguson revolutionize the car industry too?

He did it to farming with a pint-sized tractor that even Henry Ford marveled at. Now, with a Canadian millionaire ready to build it, he says he's designed the new car the world's been waiting for

By Marjorie Earl



With Henry Ford (left) at Dearborn Ferguson closed a partnership deal that sold 300 million dollars worth of farm machinery in eight years. It ended in the biggest civil lawsuit in history.



"A genius," said the English novelist Edward Verrall Lucas, "is a man who does unique things of which nobody would expect him to be capable."

This definition fits without a wrinkle on Harry Ferguson, a small, neat, formidable inventor from the north of Ireland whose name became familiar in Canada in 1953 when it was added to the national institution of Massey-Harris. The Massey-Harris-Ferguson marriage was brought about by a small, neat, formidable tractor whose name, also Ferguson, is familiar not only in Canada but in such distant places as Buganda, Antarctica and Tibet. Known as the Model T of tractors, it is now universally copied by other manufacturers because, like its inventor, it does unique things of which nobody would expect it to be capable.

Ferguson's latest achievement is a new kind of



At Claridge's in London Ferguson made headlines by driving his lightweight tractor down the front steps of the aristocratic hotel after a Soviet reporter goaded him.

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car or, as he says, a motoring principle applicable to all types of vehicle from a baby car to a ten-ton truck. Outside of his associates, only a few people have seen or driven the prototype, which has been deliberately camouflaged by a conventional body. They've all sworn to say nothing about how it works. But if the car is as good as Ferguson says it is, it will not only be unique, but in terms of brakes, traction and comfort it will make everything else on the roads look as old-fashioned as a one-horse shay.

From anybody except Ferguson a claim like this would be dismissed as the fantasy of a crackpot. But Ferguson is no crackpot. He is a man of ideas who has forced himself into the good habit of doing unique things when nobody would bet a plugged nickel on him.

In 1909, for example, when the first biplanes were being made of imagination and piano wire, he designed and built a monoplane. "There ain't enough wind in all Ireland to fly that thing," said wiseacres watching him haul it to the airfield. But in it Harry Ferguson became the first Irishman to fly single-winged aircraft.

Seven years later he concluded that the horse was the farmer's worst enemy and should be supplanted by a small, manoeuvrable tractor that carried the plow instead of dragging it, did not tip over backward if the plowshare struck a rock and had some simply operated mechanical control to regulate the plowshare's depth in the ground. "A mechanical impossibility," sneered many British engineers. But by 1935 Ferguson had perfected a dapper little tractor with built-in plow; it was

capable of doing nearly everything a horse can do and doing it better, faster and cheaper.

When he first demonstrated his tractor British farmers booted it off the fields and many called it "a bloody toy" because it was half the size and weight of conventional tractors. Ferguson argued that it would revolutionize farming, just as he now insists that his car will revolutionize motoring. British manufacturers remained stubbornly unconvinced, driving him to do another unique thing hitherto thought to be beyond any human being. He took his tractor to Dearborn, Michigan, and became the only man that Henry Ford, who had discontinued making his Fordson tractor in 1928, ever took into partnership.

In 1947, after the Ford-Ferguson tractor had helped speed the mechanical **continued on page 86**



"No other network has such a high percentage of live shows. To doting viewers its stars are family friends, on a hookup as cozy as a rural party line."

The wonderful world of French-Canadian TV

Nearly everybody watches it, and it keeps a thousand people busy producing an endless, zestful mixture of spice, sorrow and unabashed corn.

Pull up a chair and see this Gallie hit parade

BY BILL STEPHENSON PHOTOGRAPH BY BASIL ZAROV



To see who these stars are, see key on page 84

To most Canadians the arguments about television begin in a seedy cluster of buildings on a seedy thoroughfare in Toronto called Jarvis Street. And they end—if a continuing wrangle can ever be said to end—in the rumpus rooms, beer parlors and office bull sessions of Peterborough and Winnipeg. Is Shirley Harmer as pretty as Dinah Shore? Has Joe McCulley learned anything from Ed Murrow? What will Alex Barris do next? With the same money behind him, could Jackie Rae out-Gobel George?

The outcome of such arguments may be for or against the Canadian effort. Whatever the result, however, it is usually taken for granted that Canadian TV standards are set in English Canada and can only be judged by English-speaking Canada.

This belief is only one of the many misconceptions Canadians have about themselves. For Toronto is *not* the capital of Canadian TV. In number and variety of original shows, artists employed, or sheer volume of production, Mont-

real is far ahead. As a TV production centre Montreal is surpassed only by New York and Hollywood. Toronto is a distant fourth, followed by Chicago, London, then Paris.

The French-Canadian network of which CBFT Montreal is the heart—in all the vibrant Gallic sense of that word—is made up of one other CBC station (Ottawa) and only four private stations, Jonquière, Rimouski, Sherbrooke and Quebec City. Their prospective audience however is almost five million people in eastern Ontario, Quebec and neighboring New England.

Over this cultural island washes each week some sixty-two hours of TV, some of it superb, much of it very good, much of it bad. Upward of fifty hours of this are not only homemade but "live"—that is, not on film. No other network in the world has such a high percentage of live entertainment.

But volume is not the whole story. Partly because it is live, but more probably because it is small and French-Canadian, the six-station

hookup has all the cozy intimacy of a rural phone line. The stars or *vedettes* (*en vedette* means literally to be "in the limelight") are intimately known to viewers through a whole press devoted to them, and through the fact that a tour through the Radio-Canada Building studios in Montreal is now as much a "must" pilgrimage as one to the Oratoire St. Joseph. Anything said or done on the network by these stars is not looked upon as the temperamental outburst of some highly paid actor, but as the beguiling wifeliness of a friend.

So Maurice had a little bit too much wine at supper and he threw away the script and insulted everybody? So Ginette had her gown cut a little lower than necessary? So Paul played the country schoolmaster as if he were a schoolmistress? So what? Everyone knows they are fine people at heart, don't they?

Even on commercials, other than the slick filmed kind from Toronto or New York, the announcer often seems like **continued on page 82**

The shy baroness of brokerage

The fabulous Richardsons have brushed the lives of most Canadians by backing everything from bush pilots to Technicolor. Meet the present boss—a lady broker with an abiding passion for anonymity

By Robert Collins

For a hundred years four generations of the James Richardson dynasty from Kingston to Winnipeg have wrestled with their eager Irish curiosity and their sober United Empire Loyalist dignity. Pushed by one and pulled by the other they've silently built Canada's oldest but least-known wholly owned family empire.

Today it's ruled by a remarkable woman named Muriel Sprague Richardson, who is the fifth president of the corporation. To most of us, "James Richardson and Sons Limited," is a faceless name on the financial page of a newspaper or brokerage office window. But few of us go a day without feeling the Richardson touch.

Barons of the grain trade, the Richardsons rubbed shoulders with the great

King stood back when J. A. Richardson (left) as Queen's chancellor gave F.D.R. an honorary degree.



We see color movies partly because a Richardson forty-five years ago helped finance the experiments of Herbert Thomas Kalmus, then a Queen's University professor and member of a three-man firm of consulting engineers. Kalmus and his associates improved upon earlier faltering attempts at color movies. In 1915 their findings resulted in the Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation, which put a new word into the language.

Most of the airlines we ride, including Canadian Pacific and Trans-Canada Airlines, owe something to the Richardsons. The family's 1926 Western Canada Airways and its successor, Canadian Airways, pioneered commercial night flying in Canada, operated the earliest cross-country air mail and opened our northwestern mining frontier. Richardson pilots and

Churchill stepped out as a guest of J. A. (left) and Muriel Richardson in Winnipeg in 1929.



experience helped launch TCA in 1937. And in 1942 Canadian Airways itself became a major part of the new CPA.

At least a million Canadians eat bread made with flour milled from wheat bought and sold by James Richardson and Sons Limited, one of Canada's biggest private grain merchants since 1857. Prairie farmers sell grain to four hundred and thirty-six brown-and-gold Pioneer Grain Co. elevators (a Richardson subsidiary) or buy coal and fertilizer from Pioneer sheds. In Port Arthur, Ont., the gleaming five-and-a-half-million-bushel terminal of Eastern Terminal Elevator Co., another Richardson subsidiary, hunches over the waterfront.

Twenty-six offices of James Richardson and Sons, the family investment firm, handle stocks and bonds for investors from Montreal to Victoria, and supply free market information to fourteen daily newspapers.

Torontonians, Winnipeggers, Montrealers and Vancouverites buy every kind of insurance except life through offices of the Richardsons' Commercial Insurance Agency.

Ontario and prairie cattlemen are improving their herds with purebred Herefords and Shorthorns bought from the fifteen-thousand-acre Richardson Stock Farms Ltd., in Manitoba. Richardson cattle have won forty-eight championships at Canadian and Chicago fairs since 1947.

The Richardsons also own a chemical company, a machinery-parts manufacturing firm, a livestock-feed business and Patricia Transportation, Canada's biggest tractor-train company which last spring hauled twenty-eight thousand tons of supplies from Thicket Portage on the Hudson Bay Railway into International Nickel's new Moab Lake site in northern Manitoba.

Since 1857 the family's investments have ranged from schooners to oil wells, while their wholly owned enterprises have included such diverse items as a cannery in Picton, Ont., a tile factory in Kingston, **continued on page 76**



Muriel Sprague Richardson

A MACLEAN'S NOVELETTE



"A golden eye peered at him out of a hulk . . .
the mares would be kept there until the conflict ended."

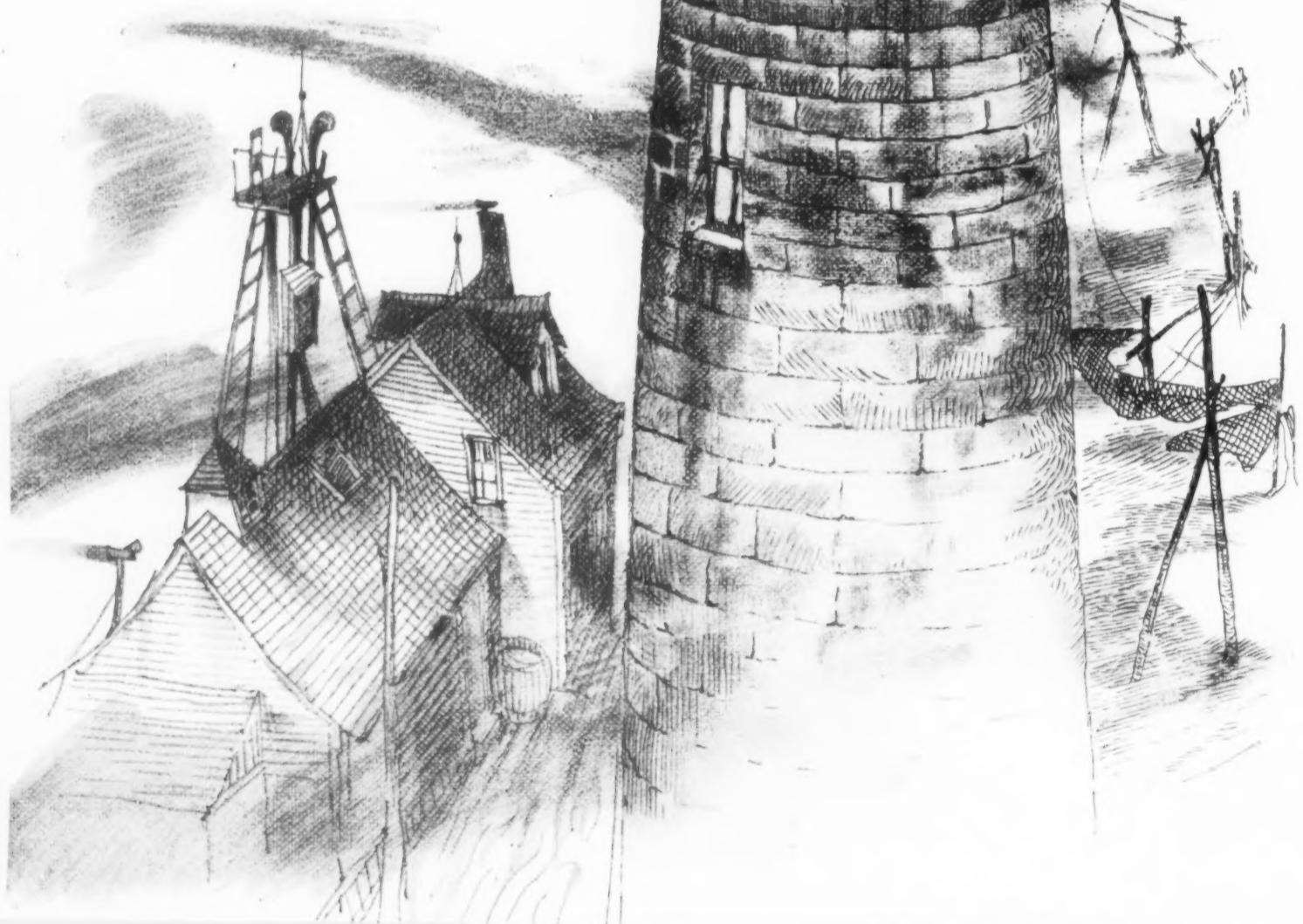
Look
now,
horseman...

Here is a distinguished Canadian story about the love
of a simple man for a brave horse. It is as unusual
—and as memorable—as *The Last of the Curlews*

BY EDMUND GILLIGAN
STORY STARTS NEXT PAGE



"The white beam of the light clawed
against the gale . . . it revealed
the mares plunging into the shelter of the high dunes."





Look now, horseman...

A MACLEAN'S NOVELETTE

The stallion became calmer when, at last, the coast-guard vessel began to close with the land, sounding her way with much care to the poor anchorage. In the long hours of the passage from the Nova Scotian mainland to Sable Island, the stallion had been furious or grieving, either one or the other. His anger had been against the dreary Atlantic and a voyage that had no meaning to him. His grief had been for the Lunenburg boy who had led him aboard and had parted from him without a tear, although his heart had hurt so badly that he couldn't get out a word. He had thrust a scrawled message into Boatswain Shannon's hand, and had hurried away without a backward look for his horse, all the time nickering for a kiss good-by.

Now, in the hour before daybreak, the waning easterly bore to the stallion's nostrils the scents of marsh meadows, fresh water pools, and scents of the island mares, the free wild wanderers, and those stabled in the island barn where they were to be bred to him because he was bigger and stronger than the island studs.

Answering these changes in the wind and the smoother way of the vessel, the stallion held his grand head higher against the bars of his deck stall. The blaze on his chestnut forehead gleamed in the dim deck lights. Ear-brisk, and trembling in a new way, he blew his breath out in pleasurable snorts.

"That's more like it, lad," said Shannon. "Grieve no more."

He heard again the voice of the leadsman calling to the bridge. Up there, a man repeated the cry, and added, "Ah, that's well, that's well. Thank God for it!" Somebody on the bridge laughed. It was the laughter of relief from anxiety, stretched out too long this time by the September easterly.

The vessel began to swing into the wind, and she slid on slowly,

fearful of the ever-shifting sands beneath her keel. Her horn called out to the island men. On the starboard wing of her bridge a blinder began sending. No answer came yet awhile. Near to her the beam of the West Light swept yellow in the rain. Ten miles away the East Light ran dim. Between the two, high dunes rolled like the sea beyond, and the breakers bellowed among the ribs and ruins of vessels lurched along the eastern beach. From the masthead of a tilted freighter, bigger than all the other wrecks, a queer bluish light spun up, as if she were still dying, and not long dead.

Between the West Light and the main barn, now barely visible in the darkness, a lamp began sending in high, destroyer-style speed: "Name of vessel, please, and destination."

Shannon laughed in mild amusement. "Oh, blather! What's he expecting, eh? The Empress herself?"

The stallion, pleased by the laughter, stepped about daintily, carrying his tail high in good spirits.

"Smile again, lad, and I'll come in and take a look at that port knee." He then began a singsong of praise for the stallion. "Ah, you're such a beauty. A beautiful boy. A beautiful boy, you are, you are." He pressed his weathered forehead against the bars of the deck stall, and waited for the success of his flattery. The stallion came up and peered so closely at the reddish beard that it seemed he had never seen such a thing before, and was wondering how such odd grass grew there.

Shannon held off awhile. He knew a thing or two about horses, although he had never thrown a leg over any such creature as this, which stood, he had figured, about sixteen hands and a little more. In earlier days, when the mainland farmers had bought half-broken island horses from the government, it had been Shannon's job to get

ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



DUANE

They called him the field marshal.



BALLARD

He knew the secret — and the danger.



SHANNON

He held a trust for a Lunenburg boy.

Look now, horseman *continued*

Shannon knew that the boy's
beautiful horse had to face the wild studs
alone — all twenty-two of them.
"The Lord forbid this thing!" he shouted.

them onto the deck of the supply vessel and put them ashore, one port or another. Because of his skill, his skipper had given him the job of delivering the stallion to the foreman of the island establishment, who had asked his superiors at Halifax to buy such a stud to cover the mares. The island horses could no longer do their work. The beach patrols on stormy nights had to have strong mounts, for these were the days before motor vehicles were sent to the island. The horses had another arduous task: the rapid hauling of the life-saving gear when a vessel came ashore.

When the Canadian government had set up the lighthouses almost a century ago, and had established the coast guard there, the men had broken the wild horses they found on the island. Those wild bands were the descendants of horses put ashore by Portuguese explorers, who had put domestic stock on Sable to provide meat if vessels ran short of stores. The original stock had been freshened from time to time by studs off wrecked vessels. By now, all the strength and shape had been beaten out of the herds by gales and poor forage. Foaling to such sires, the mares kept dropping young that often died at birth; and there were mares, short on milk, that wouldn't own their children, and left them to perish under the cranberry bushes.

continued on page 36



BRIAN—the Irish stallion

Shannon swam him ashore. He'd find no red apples on Sable.



JACA—the wild stud

The vicious king of the herds was ready for any challenge.



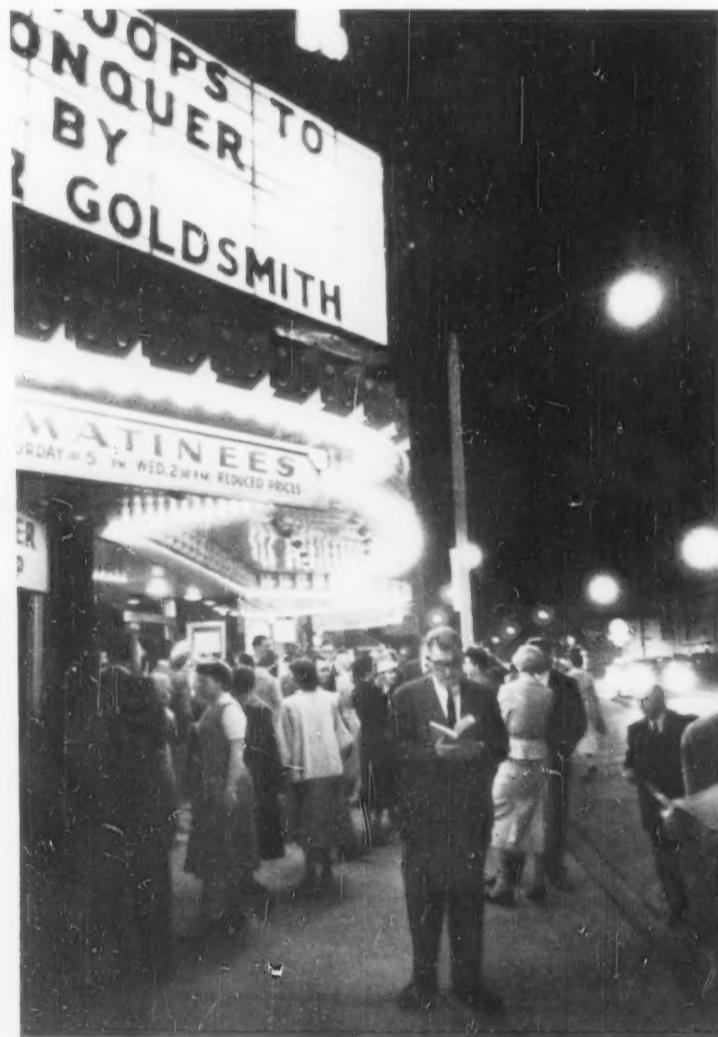
"Jaca's teeth were bared for the slash along the belly. Brian twisted, and struck down through Jaca's mane to the flesh."



Nathan Cohen arranges a fight for Fighting Words with the program's technicians, Tony Partridge (left), Eric Koch, Cliff Soway and Jim Baillie. They don't like nice people.

"It stinks!" says Cohen, when his Fighting Words panel won't 'fight.'

THE EMBATTLED



Cohen at Toronto's Crest Theatre, run by Don and Murray Davis and sister Barbara. He said they were "miscalled" in a play written especially for them by J. B. Priestley.

When **Nathan Cohen** isn't inciting guests on his TV panel to mayhem he's committing it himself as Canada's toughest drama critic. And, as a script editor, he keeps our best-known playwrights riled

BY BARBARA MOON

Photographed by John Schert

In a decade when disagreement is regarded with increasing mistrust and unease, Nathan Cohen is a man who lives by generating faction. Part of the time he gets paid, as chairman of a weekly TV scrimmage called Fighting Words, for setting people at each other's throats. He does this very successfully; in fact, on one show this season a Toronto rabbi, Abraham L. Feinberg, got so angry at Charlotte Whitton, the ex-mayor of Ottawa, that after the sign-off he remained seated, the veins in his forehead pulsing wildly, and called for water.

Part of the time, as Canada's toughest theatre critic, Cohen exposes his own jugular. In a single week his disenchanted pronouncements on drama have caused two actors to volunteer to cut his throat and a director to describe him as a blight on the earth. For some years Cohen had to pay his own way into the Royal Alexandra, Toronto's showcase for almost all touring theatre attractions. The manager had been so nettled by Cohen's re-



'fight. He confidently calls himself "the only drama critic in Canada," and frankly admits, "I am a vain man"

ED RINGMASTER OF FIGHTING WORDS

views that he cut off the free tickets that traditionally go to a critic. And not long ago Cohen, who doesn't drive a car, accepted a lift to work from a stranger. The driver kept darting sidelong glances at his passenger and finally accused, "You're Nathan Cohen!"

Cohen agreed that he was. The driver braked the car and said, "Get out! My wife produced a play that you reviewed."

Cohen has a third job, that of script editor for CBC-TV's drama department. For a variety of reasons, contention dogs him in this office too. The reasons include situations like the following: only last winter the first play of Mary Jukes, a Toronto newspaperwoman, was staged at a local repertory theatre. Cohen, the critic, roasted it on radio. Cohen, the script editor, then called Miss Jukes and said he'd like to discuss the possible conversion of her play into a one-hour TV drama.

Sydney Newman, the supervisor of the CBC drama department, has now supplemented Cohen with a special-projects editor. The new staffer's duties include handling playwrights who won't deal with Cohen or vice versa.

All in all, Cohen is one of the most controversial men in Canadian show business, and therefore a good showman. A CBC program organizer who hired him regularly for some years as a radio critic recently admitted he used Cohen for his entertainment value. It's a curious fact that Cohen has made himself an entertainer by being an egghead, publicly and relentlessly.

When he isn't working, or soaking in a bathtub with a book, Cohen likes nothing better than an informal debate in the CBC canteen or the nearest coffee house. The debates tend to be one-sided for, as Oliver Goldsmith once said of Sam Johnson, ". . . when his pistol misses fire he knocks you down with the butt end of it." In fact Cohen acts the part of a latter-day Dr. Johnson so well that people are continually surprised to find that he's only thirty-four.

He is a massive young man with a bland, fleshy face, a shredded cockcomb of coarse greying hair, horn-rimmed glasses and a wayward tie. He bares his teeth when he smiles. At least one telespectator thinks his tie, habitually adrift under one collar point, is "the cutest thing on television," and wrote in recently to tell him so. People who

hear him without seeing him (*Fighting Words* is broadcast on the Dominion radio network) are more apt to picture him, in the words of another fan, as "a slightly torpid cobra."

He has a fat voice with a nasal pedal note and, as Cohen himself engagingly is aware, he uses it with suave inexorability. One of his few close friends, an ad-agency executive named Alan Savage, reports that he's so often said, "Let me finish, Nathan," that it's become a gag line.

Most of Cohen's drama criticism is delivered to local Toronto audiences on mike—until last year on CJBC Views the Shows and this year on Audio, a morning music-and-chatter medley. Cohen credits his voice for most of the names people call him. "I know I sound like God," he said not long ago, turning out his hands and shrugging with heavy sang-froid.

Cohen has more than once been accused of thinking he *is* God. Actually, he thinks he is a moral humanist. He says he scorns compromise. He also scorns false modesty. Last summer, on a trip abroad, he lunched with Kenneth Tynan, a formidable young English drama critic. Tynan is

noted for such ferocious critical judgments as the following of a production of Medea at an Edinburgh Festival: "I am humbly at a loss to account for the miracle by which every aspect of Mr. Gielgud's latest adventure was contrived to appear so uniformly, harmoniously and continuously bad." At lunch with Cohen, Tynan gave his credentials straight off. "You are privileged," he said. "You are lunching today with the only honest drama critic in England." Cohen propped his chin on his hands and rejoined benignly, "That's a coincidence. I am the only honest drama critic in Canada."

On his home ground, Cohen is apt to be even more explicit: "I am, in fact, the only drama critic in Canada. The rest," he gestures inclusively with his small slim hands, "are reviewers." (He once told a friend: "I am a vain man.")

Cohen claims he's only pulled his critical punches once, and that was more than six years ago. In January 1951, Gratien Gélinas, the French-Canadian comedian, brought his play, *Tit-Coq*, to Toronto on his way to New York. Local enthusiasm ran high and Cohen **continued on page 72**

Cohen's panel lines up for a fight. The CBC has junked the show three times and Cohen once thought it was too tame and threatened to quit. But TV viewers still clamor for it.



He bosses the two sweetest women in the world

They're Laura Secord and Fanny Farmer . . .

the biggest and busiest candy merchants of them all.

Meet the man who's run their lives

for thirty-two years — while almost completely blind

BY EARLE BEATTIE

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

John D. Hayes, a puckish, towering business patriarch who looks like a beardless Santa Claus and often acts like one, has a favorite quip about himself: "There are three women in my life," he says: "Laura Secord, Fanny Farmer and Mullo."

Laura Secord is the name of the 127-store candy company he heads in Canada; Fanny Farmer is a sister chain of 401 stores in the U.S. of which he's chairman; and Mullo is his flesh-and-blood wife. At seventy-four he has a loving and lasting association with all three. Where most younger men would find running one chain of stores exhausting, Hayes personally supervises both Laura Secord and Fanny Farmer and carries on other business, club and charitable activities as virtually a citizen of two countries. He does it all as though it were fun, munching his own rich chocolates, chain-smoking cigars and, when he feels like it, downing glasses of Scotch.

With his energy and shrewd business ability, both candy empires have reached new sales peaks each year. The familiar black-and-white Laura Secord shops are the Commonwealth's largest retailer of candies and Fanny Farmer Limited is the world's largest. As vulnerable as they are to business recessions, inflation and war, neither has ever missed a dividend.

More remarkable than this is the fact that Hayes has run the two businesses for the past thirty-two years while almost totally blind. In 1925, when he was just beginning to get ahead

in the candy business, he turned to his secretary one day and said, "Miss Solon, the sunlight is blinding me. I'll have to move my desk." The same day he learned the truth from his doctor: a tooth extraction had hemorrhaged, destroying the optic nerve in one eye and seriously damaging the other. For the rest of his life he would get only the faintest glimmer of light.

"I had a wife and two young daughters to support and I didn't know how I could go on," he recalls, "but after a while I came to see that God would help me find a place."

Today he says: "If I had my vision I wouldn't get any more out of life." Those who meet him find it hard to believe his brown eyes aren't smiling from behind the shell-rim glasses he affects. He goes to baseball games just for the sound effects and plays erratic bridge with the cards close to his nose. "Occasionally I throw down a jack instead of a king," he admits.

But his performance in the candy business proved clear-sighted enough to place him in command of both companies in 1938, when Senator Frank O'Connor, his brother-in-law and the founder of Laura Secord and Fanny Farmer, retired. O'Connor died a year later. Since Hayes took over, the firms' sales volume has trebled. In 1938 Laura Secord's eighty-six shops poured \$1,745,000 in candy across their counters; last year the flood from 127 stores reached five million dollars in confections. They ranged from kiddy-pops at two cents to five-pound boxes of mixed chocolates,

nuts and mints at \$6.25 and included such luscious items as crunchy nut Renfrews, chocolate-covered pecans and almond mixture, fudge, jellies, boxes of mint wafers and jars of honey, marmalade and jam.

Almost all Laura Secord and Fanny Farmer shops look alike, but their companies attempt to make each one seem like a little old-fashioned shop on its own with ruffled curtains, chatty salespeople and a kitchen-like atmosphere. The result is so successful that customers often think the chocolates are made in the back of the shop. They're not: Laura Secord shops from Winnipeg to Quebec City get them fresh from Toronto or Montreal every day. Any left over after eight days go back to the factories which Hayes, with artistic piquancy, insists on calling "studios."

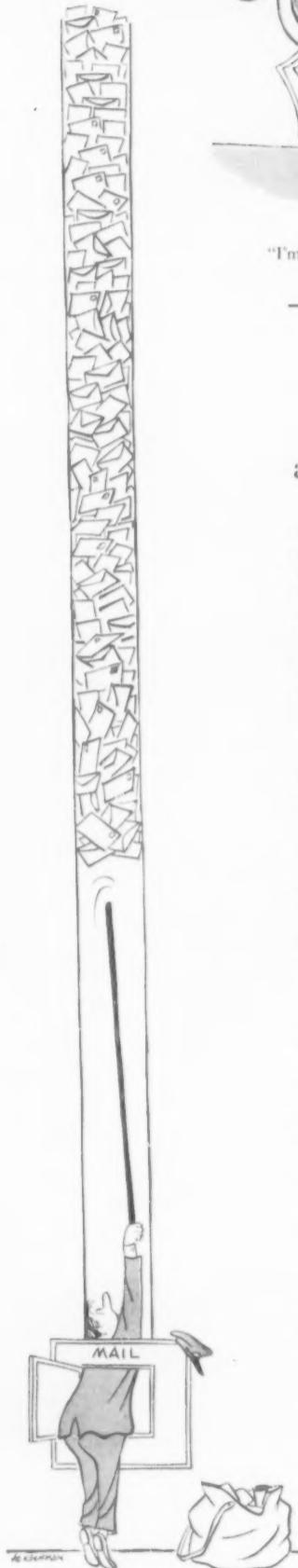
This hominess, freshness and the high standards for ingredients were inspired by the founder of the two firms, Frank O'Connor, and it made him a multi-millionaire. O'Connor, a native of Desoronto, had moved to Toronto with his wife from Peterborough in 1910. Soon after, Jack Hayes arrived from Belleville and became a neighbor of the O'Connors in the same apartment building. Hayes, the son of a Belleville police sergeant, was a post-office clerk and then went into the lumber business on his own for awhile; O'Connor worked for the Imperial Tobacco Company.

O'Connor was a nut about candy. Whenever he'd see a different kind, he'd buy it, taste it and analyze it. His apartment **continued on page 63**

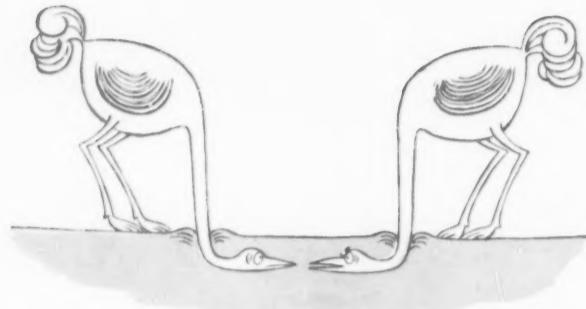


Forty years ago John D. Hayes was a bookkeeper in a Toronto chocolate shop. Now, with the help of Laura (left) and Fanny, he's the world's top candy seller.

Sweet & sour



"I'm getting sick and tired of these clandestine meetings."



Lost . . .

a few more man-hours

"Now let's see if it doesn't look better with the piano over on the wall, the sofa in front of the window and the coffee table—"

"Don't take the main route. A quicker way is to turn off at the filling station. Then go over a small wooden bridge, and after you pass a white church you take the left branch of the second fork you—"

"I think I'll have a chocolate marshmallow sundae.—No, I guess maybe a cherry—wait a minute. What's a Mambo Jumbo Special?"

"Before you go I want to tell you about the one we saw the other night. It opens with this man sunning himself on the beach. Then we see a sailboat capsize and this beautiful girl—no, I'm getting ahead of myself. The point of the movie is that this man manufactures rubber bands and has a phobia about fish, so—"

"Here! Let me show you how to build a log fire that will burn."

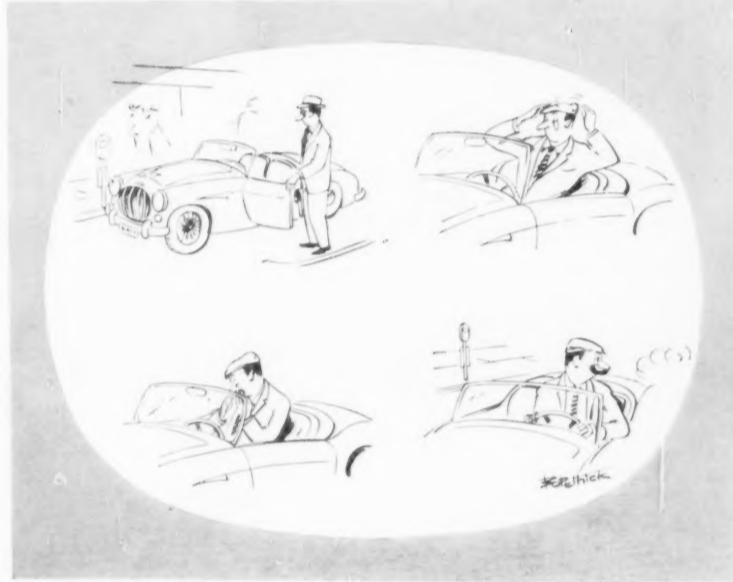
"Let me tell you how you could have made it. Instead of going into dummy on the third lead you should have led the spade queen from your hand, ruffed with the four of hearts and then—"

"Before introducing our featured speaker, I am reminded of—"

"On second thought, dear, I think there's just a little too much sienna red in this to go with the drapes. Luckily you've only got the room about half painted, so—"

"I think we're going to have another change of pitchers. Yep, he's waving to the bull pen, and—"

PARKE CUMMINGS



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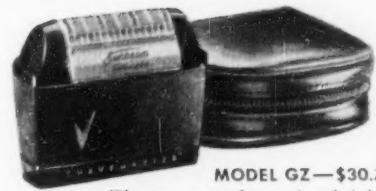
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3. You can actually feel how much closer the Shavemaster shaves.



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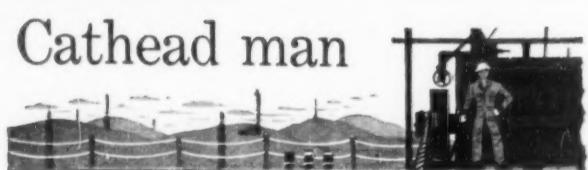


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"Watch the birdie," and you'll see Shell at work—in the plastic parts of today's cameras, and in the film itself. Shell solvents help film emulsions do their job to perfection—if you have the right light and focus.



Cathead man

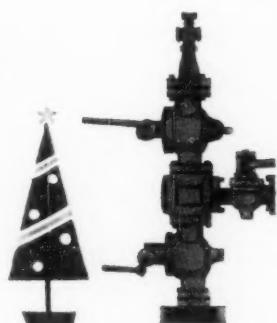


This oilman—with a perfectly normal head like your own—handles a winch, or cathead, on an oil drill rig. Cathead man, driller, roustabout—the whole crew work together like a drill team to bring you more oil.

SET OF GOOD THINGS ABOUT PETROLEUM

Christmas tree

With a small "c," it's the equipment that controls the flow of oil or natural gas from a well-head. Oil from Shell Christmas trees could end up as synthetics for a sweater or plastics for a toy fire engine — two gifts to go under a capital "C" Christmas tree next Dec. 25th.



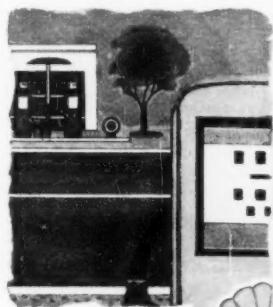
College

Ninety high school teachers are going back to school this summer and Shell will foot the bill. They're winners of Shell Merit Fellowships, awarded yearly to outstanding science and mathematics teachers. Our world needs the scientific brain power that can come from their classrooms.



Competition

This beat-'em-to-it urge keeps oil men hunting new oil sources, and trying to develop the best oil products at the best price. Example: the wide choice of service stations where you live. Oil company competition is good for you.



Compression

We all know about the advances in today's new cars and their new high compression ratios. But what about the comparable advances in fuels? Back in 1953 Shell started the trend toward modern gasoline by adding TCP* — still "the most powerful gasoline any car can use!" *Trade-Mark.



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1,583 products and processes call for glycerine — one of the most widely used chemicals known. It comes closest to you as the base for lipsticks, creams and rouges. Shell fits in this pretty picture because we invented the way to make glycerine from petroleum—a new supply for cosmeticians.



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Consider the expression "follow-through." Pioneers lived by it. In the early days, the cabinetmaker selected his wood fresh from the forest. He seasoned it. He carved, worked and finished the wood by himself. It was in his nature to follow his craft from A to Z. And so it is with Shell—all the way from well to pump or store, which often means to you. It's in our nature, too, to finish what we start—to make sure that each step is careful and right. And although we have no cabinetmakers who can do all jobs well, there are several thousand Shell people who do hundreds of A-1 individual jobs. They're thousands of reasons why Shell can follow through on a thousand and one good things for you every day.



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The Young Stranger: A moving and intelligent drama about the relationship between a busy Hollywood producer (James Daly) and his sixteen-year-old son (well played by James MacArthur, son of actress Helen Hayes). It is marred only slightly by a fleeting touch of glibness at the finish. The story, by Robert Dozier, tastefully avoids the usual "delinquency" clichés, and MacArthur conveys the tensions of adolescence without resorting to mumbled speeches, knife-fighting and psychotic mannerisms.

The Baby and the Battleship: Hardly one of Britain's wittiest screen comedies, this hearty romp nonetheless stirs up plenty of chuckles and is recommended for family entertainment. It's about a Royal Navy vessel with a smuggled Italian infant on board. John Mills, Richard Attenborough and Michael Hordern are on hand.

Boy on a Dolphin: Both Sophia Loren and the Greek islands are scenic attractions difficult to resist, and their blandishments help make this CinemaScope comedy-drama an item worth catching. Nothing much happens, though, in its tale of a sunken art treasure hotly sought by a virtuous collector (Alan Ladd) and a rascally one (Clifton Webb).

The Buster Keaton Story: A disappointing biography of the stone-faced, flat-hatted comedy star of the silent screen. Some of his best routines are amusingly staged by Donald O'Connor, but Keaton's Hollywood eclipse after the arrival of sound is shown without warmth or insight. Also present: Ann Blyth, Rhonda Fleming, Peter Lorre.

Maddalena: Simple piety, sadism and sex are portentously mingled in this 1953 Italo-French production, just released in Canada. It tells of a prostitute who is bribed to masquerade as a virgin and portrays the Madonna in an Italian village's Good Friday procession. The late Marta Toren does well in the title role.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

Anastasia: Mystery drama. Good.

Bachelor Party: Drama. Good.

The Barretts of Wimpole Street: Romantic drama. Fair.

The Brave One: Mexico drama. Good.

Brothers in Law: Comedy. Good.

Bundle of Joy: Comedy. Fair.

Designing Woman: Comedy. Good.

Drango: South-in-1865 drama. Good.

Fear Strikes Out: Drama. Good.

Full of Life: Comedy. Good.

Funny Face: Musical. Excellent.

Girl in Black Stockings: Crime. Fair.

Goodbye, My Lady: Drama. Good.

Great American Pastime: Comedy. Fair.

The Great Man: Drama. Excellent.

The Green Man: Comedy. Fair.

Gunfight at the OK Corral: Western. Good.

The Happy Road: Comedy. Good.

Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison: Drama. Good.

Hot Summer Night: Crime drama. Fair.

House of Secrets: Crime drama. Fair.

The Incredible Shrinking Man: Science-fiction thriller. Excellent.

The Killing: Crime drama. Excellent.

Last of the Badmen: Western. Fair.

The Magnificent Seven: Japanese action drama. Good.

Men in War: War drama. Fair.

Mister Cory: Drama. Good.

Oh, Men! Oh, Women! Comedy. Fair.

Paris Does Strange Things: Romantic comedy. Poor.

Plain Sailing: Comedy. Poor.

The Rainmaker: Comedy-drama. Good.

The River's Edge: Action. Fair.

The Search for Bridie Murphy: Drama of "reincarnation." Poor.

Shadow on the Window: Crime. Fair.

The Silent World: Undersea true-life drama in color. Tops.

Smiley: Australia comedy-drama. Good.

The Spanish Gardener: Drama. Good.

The Spirit of St. Louis: Biographical aviation drama. Good.

Spring Reunion: Comedy-drama. Fair.

Storm Centre: Drama. Fair.

The Tattered Dress: Drama. Fair.

Ten Thousand Bedrooms: Comedy. Good.

The True Story of Jesse James: Wild-West drama. Poor.

12 Angry Men: Drama. Excellent.

The Wrong Man: Drama. Good.

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Look
now,
horseman

continued from page 24

Secretly they entered the blacksmith shop . . . "I'll make you an armed man."

"And you," said Shannon to the stallion, "you are what they choose—an Irish hunter who has no more reason to be in this sad place than has a king."

For all his hard thinking, night and day, Shannon couldn't tell yet which hurt him most: the fate of the stallion or the fate of the parting boy. It didn't seem right to him that two such handsome youngsters should ever be parted after a happy life together among the green hills. Yet it had to be. The boy's note had said so, Shannon had read it so many times that he knew it by heart, and his heart didn't like it. Just the same, he couldn't keep his mind off it. Nor his eyes, seagreen under lids half-closed by sleepiness. Stepping back to get under the bare electric bulb, he tugged the paper out of an inner pocket and stared along its uneven lines:

Look now, horseman—

I give this to the vessel that takes my Brian away forever. The Lord bless the man who cares for him as I have since his weanling days. He was a gift to me on my tenth birthday by my father's brother, Captain Donald, who lies sick and hurt at Fortune Bay, and there the money paid for my Brian by government goes to make him well. "The Lord giveth," says my Dad, "and the Lord taketh away." I do this of my own free will, horseman. Look now, sir, and tell them on Sable Island to give him oats in the sheaf now and again and an apple at times, no windfall. And a roof over his dear head so I may rest easy on winter nights.

—Daniel Riley,
aged fifteen.

SHANNON thrust the letter into his pocket. "Oats in the sheaf, is it? And where would they be reaping oats on that spit of sand, I wonder?" He opened the gate. He began touching the stallion here and there: knee, fetlock, hoof. After another word of affection to the stallion, and more of the needed praise, Shannon passed forward to see if the hands were standing by for the anchoring. There were three ready, their eyes turned toward the West Light. In the improving light, the tower could be made out clearly, a familiar landfall to Shannon. This time it drew a sigh out of him, and a deep sigh too.

The second mate came down to him from the bridge and said, "Bosun, the

captain asks what do you plan for the horse, and is there a signal you wish made for that man ashore?"

Shannon replied, "A boat to be put over as soon as may be, sir. Please have a message sent: 'Bosun is swimming the stud ashore.' The captain agrees that their longboat is not enough for him. The sea is safer."

"Very well, Bosun. Your gear is ready?"

"It is."

"It seems that we'll be two days discharging here and at least that many at the East Light if the weather holds. You'll have four days to make your friend comfortable."

"Aye, sir. Four days ashore."

After a remarkable speech of explanation, which Brian seemed glad to hear, Shannon strapped him into the sling and deftly sent him over the rail, and out and down, stiff-legged into the sea. This was done just as the black skeins of cloud turned red in the sunrise. Shannon dropped down into the boat. The oarsmen drove up to the stallion, whose eyes were fixed calmly on Shannon. When the straps were cast free, the stallion began to swim after the boat. At first, he forged ahead; then, at Shannon's laughing command, he took it easy and swam the mile with no show of distress, except a roll of his eyes now and then. The moment his forefeet touched bottom, he lunged violently. Boots and all, Shannon slid over the gunwale and laid hold of the gay hackamore. They waded ashore together.

The foreman of the establishment, in command during the long absence of the superintendent on sick leave, rode toward Shannon. In an orderly rank behind him, six mounted men followed. They were stern-faced young men, all dressed alike in blue-denim shirts and new dungarees. The foreman rode a bay gelding, not horse enough for him by two hands or so. This being true, his legs were crooked up a bit, which marred the dignity of his seat, good enough otherwise. Under his cap, his hair shone white, clipped close to his long-jawed head. The healthy skin lent such a rosiness to his face that he seemed, at first, to be a young blond man. A pace nearer, and Shannon saw again the familiar grey color and the black eyes, deep-set and gloomy, yet changing in an excitement poorly concealed.

The foreman's interest in the stallion was so keen that he failed to greet Shannon properly. Shannon understood at

once that Brian's size and beauty had amazed the man. A queer sort of anger ran pell-mell into his heart. He said to himself, "He's made a mistake and he knows it."

There followed a display of discipline that surprised Shannon greatly because he had never seen it on the island, nor had he ever heard of it there. A rider slipped down from his saddle, stepped briskly to the gelding's head and laid his hand on the bridle close to the bit, all in a manner that had a military smartness to it. The others sat their horses in strict fashion, their vacant eyes ahead. In this first action Shannon smelled a martinet. He knew all about discipline, had taken it himself in the destroyers and in the supply vessel. There it was necessary and easygoing. Here it seemed a foolish waste, a gesture of some sort, made almost ludicrous by the set of the foreman's knees.

Rather tardily, the foreman turned ever so slightly, and, without actually looking at Shannon, said, "Captain Duane, foreman of the establishment."

Shannon wished to reply: "My name is Tom, damn you, and well you know it!" He made no reply, gave only a nod. His temper sharpened. He watched carefully to see the effect of his own coldness. None was shown. This made him certain that the foreman's new dignity was a bluff, just like the discipline. Duane seemed to have become a kind of man known to him long since the world over: incapable of commanding with genial intimacy, he covered this lack by a pretense of rank. Where the "captain" came from was beyond Shannon's knowledge. In a quick, harsh decision, he put him down as a timid man who wished to make others timid, and keep them so, by any means.

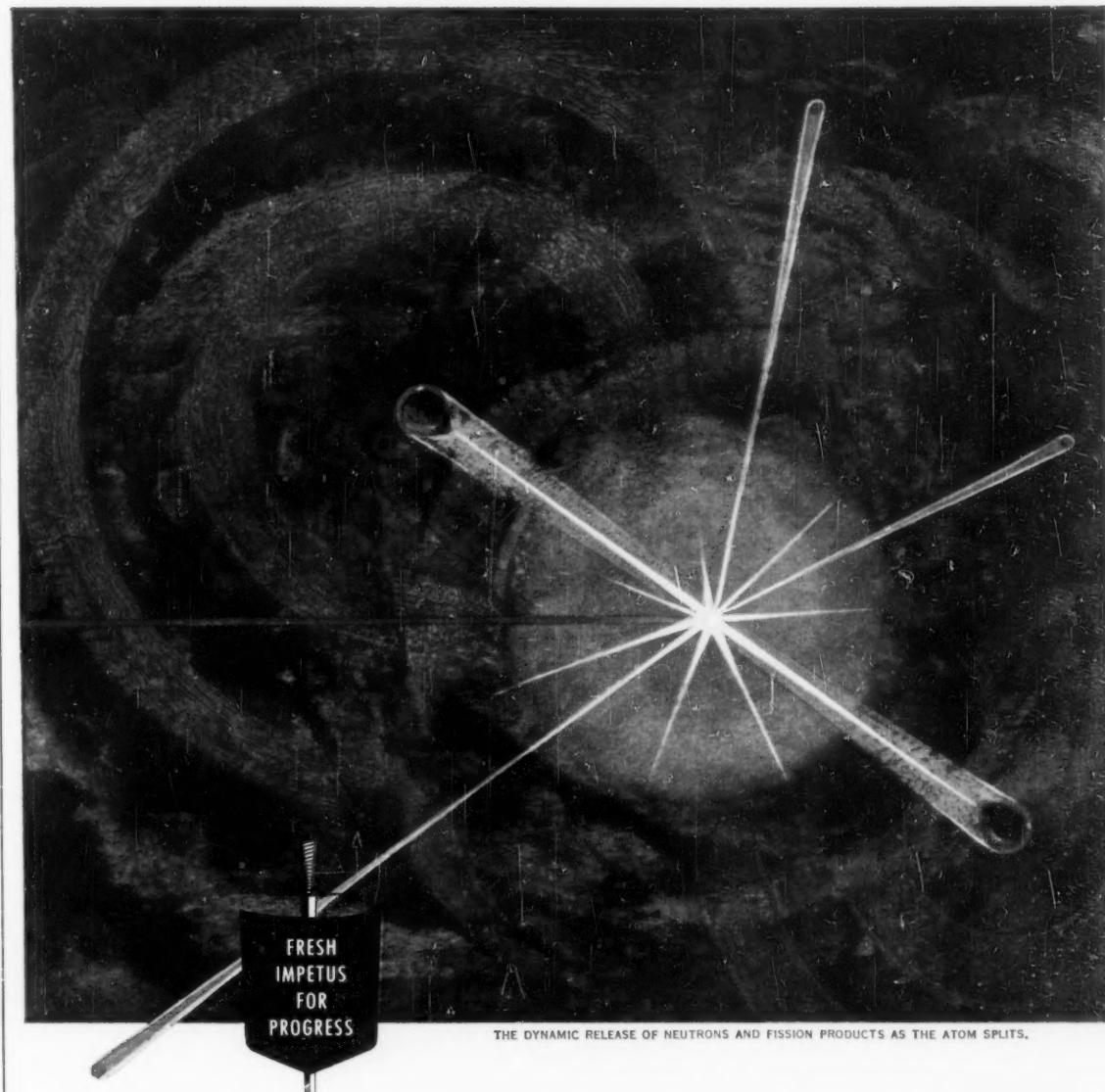
The foreman lifted his head to such an angle that his eyes were directed at the rising sun. Apparently speaking to nobody in particular, he said, "Compliments to the captain of the supply vessel. Stud and passenger are safely ashore. I will board the vessel at the East Light in two days." After a pause, he spoke his own name in a deeper grander accent: "Duane!"

He carried this business off with such solemnity that Shannon almost laughed. His lively memory gave him an image of the Napoleon in a film pronouncing "Napoleon!" after dictating an order to the guard. To keep his face straight, Shannon had to look away. In so doing he noticed that the horseman farthest to the left had bowed his head. When he lifted it the suppressed laughter still twisted his red lips. Shannon gave him half a wink and the tenth part of an ironic smile.

By this time he had perceived that the message had been dictated to the rider closest to Captain Duane, a kind of longshore yeoman, who had written it out on a pad of paper. Shannon kept his temper and his laughter. He said quite seriously, "Captain O'Hara will be glad of your message, but it would be better to say, 'Bosun and stud safely ashore.' I'm an officer of that vessel, not a passenger."

Duane hesitated only a moment before he nodded to the yeoman. "Make the correction, Wheeler."

The yeoman pushed his pencil across the pad, wrote the new words and handed the message to the man next to him. He, in turn, reined his horse out of the rank and lifted a hand-blanker from a smart leather case at his saddle, where the others carried carbines in scabbards. He began sending as soon as the bridge had acknowledged. Shannon wondered what those on board would think of the signal, especially when he and the stallion stood in plain sight, and the island's long-



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boat lay alongside already, taking on the mail and the stores: bales of mainland hay, sacks of grain, fuel for the light-house motors.

Duane lifted his reins. The rank wheeled to give him the lead and, without a word of guidance, he led the parade toward the main barn beyond the light-house.

AT NOON, after he had rubbed Brian down and had rested him, Shannon led him down the double row of stalls, where the working horses were tied up.

Beyond the stalls, and between them and the blacksmith shop, there was a wide floored space for the breeches-buoy wagon, which had been rolled away for this occasion. Tied up there, the first of the wild mares stood, sullen after her struggle in the corral where she had been trapped. She seemed to be the best of the stock; even so, nothing much. At least she stood nearly a hand higher than the others, and she had some good points: large nostrils and a fine big chest. Her condition was good too because she had been bolder than the others in feeding on

the oats and mainland forage with which the trap had been baited.

A stableman stood at attention there. When Shannon came up he lifted his hand in a signal to wait.

"Get on with it," said Shannon, his anger rising quickly again. "We're not on parade now."

The stableman rapped on the door of the blacksmith shop. In immediate response, four of the men from the beach filed out. Duane followed, and the yeoman, book in hand, brought up the rear.

Duane said, "Proceed." The yeoman

solemnly jotted the single word down.

They loosed the mare and Shannon let Brian go. The stallion nickered in a friendly manner, not yet fierce. She wheeled, her untidy head lowered and stretched, her eyeballs turned upward in a way not pleasant to see.

The stallion took a dance step or two in the finest humor. If he had whistled out an insult to that mare and had threatened her with a blow of his hoof, she couldn't have behaved worse. She let out a crazy kind of noise, half yell and half whistle, and darted at him, her mean-looking jaws open, her teeth dripping with lather. Brian slipped away from her. She tried hard to slash him with her fouled teeth, and then whirled cleverly and let fly with her hind hoofs. This seemed enough for Brian. He stood still and said something that almost straightened her out. Her anger — hatred, more like it — overbore her caution and her instinct. She bolted so savagely at him that Shannon jumped in and gave her a kick in the belly and a whoop that blocked her.

He shouted, "Away with her!"

Two of the men dodged around her and flung open the wide door to the corral. Out she flew with the speed of a gull.

Shannon pulled Brian's head down and began caressing him.

Duane held up his hand. "You see that I was right. They won't stand for his iron. Burned iron and burned horn—the smell of it—it's worse than fire to wild things like her."

Since he hadn't mentioned a fact of immense importance, at least in Shannon's presence, the casual nature of the revelation puzzled him. And it started vaguely in him a belief that Duane must be guilty of subtle trickery to bring a rare horse to the island. He asked, "Isn't there a shod mare in season then? One that's used to iron?"

Duane looked at him in a curious empty way, as if the answer should wait while he thought over something else. At last, he nodded.

Shannon spoke roughly to the men. "Jump, lads! Bring out the shod mare."

This mare backed out of her stall willingly enough, her head droopy. She had been nicely cleaned up: mane roached, forelock braided, coat clipped. Her hoofs were neatly oiled, and, in spite of the crude keg shoes, were dainty, compared to the sand-cracked walls of the wild one. She showed no fear of Brian or of his iron.

Shannon was much pleased by this success. When the mare was led back to her stall, he began his usual praise of the stallion, promising him a run on the beach and so forth. The four young men formed a rank again, in attendance on Captain Duane. The tallest of the rank was the lithe, wide-shouldered lad who had such a trouble keeping his laughter to himself on the beach. He stood very straight now, his hands—big and capable—strictly on the seams. Even so, by a quick side glance he found a subtle way of signaling to Shannon that, despite the success, things had gone wrong. Shannon surmised that a hint lay in the exaggerated military pose. At once he figured that this attitude must be pleasing to the foreman's vanity. This showed him the mistake he had made: he himself had given orders in the commander's presence. Two of them, in fact.

He said to himself, "I wouldn't put it past him to order me off the island."

It astonished him to learn that the fear of such an order made his heart beat too hard. He understood that some resolution was making up inside him. What was the matter? The answer came more quickly than he liked: somehow or other—he

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couldn't yet tell why—Brian stood in danger of his life, and he had carried him into the danger.

HE opened the defense smoothly. His left hand on the halter, he whacked his heels together smartly, and lifted his right hand to the salute. He kept it there while he spoke in a tone of extreme respect to Captain Duane, who kept his extraordinary eyes hard-fixed on nothing at all.

"Request permission to retire the stud, sir."

This soft soap broke the grim set of Duane's mouth. He even let his jaw relax from the stubborn forwardness that was part of his acting. He looked directly, amiably, at Shannon and replied, "Permission granted." He returned the salute with exact care, and spun around on his heel to face his retinue. In the same deep voice he pronounced the word: "Dismiss!"

Even at this the rank neither broke nor stood at ease. Shannon imitated them. That they declined to change out of rigidity seemed a proof to him that Duane might abruptly turn on them to catch the slightest sign of disrespect. When he had gone out of the barn, they gave the game away. They puffed their cheeks, pushed out their fronts, and fell into a ridiculous goose step: plunk! plunk! across the barn floor. The laughter that had been kept down broke free now when the rank wheeled against the bales of hay and came thumping back to Shannon. The tall one sang out a gibberish of mock commands, ending with: "Clear out, you three!" They obeyed him.

His hands on his hips, the tall boy said, "Peter Ballard's my name."

"Hello, Ballard!" Shannon grinned and asked, "Did I do well enough for you?"

"You did, indeed. And just in time. You offended the field marshal." The boyish light went out of his eyes in their frank study of Shannon's face. "You know your stud is in danger, do you, Mr. Shannon?"

"He's not my stud. He's government's."

"I'll not stand on words with you."

"By no means. Speak your piece."

"Once you see those savages—those mares—you see, don't you?—that a decent Canadian chunk was the answer. For the breeding, I mean."

"I see it now. Better legs for this sand. And better mouths."

"I don't want to talk too much. But you saw more. You figured out on the beach that a mistake had been made."

"Aye!"

Ballard had to work hard to get his next words out. He almost shut them off; then he said them. "No mistake. Some people"—here his scorn broke the pleasant shape of his mouth—"some people are so dignified that they will go to any lengths to be properly mounted. Even here, where nobody but us can see them."

Shannon's anger—bitter now—kept his own lips closed tight. He shortened up on Brian's halter. The stud, listening like an interested child, lowered his head gently to Shannon's shoulder. Shannon could feel his own anger becoming too ugly, almost out-of-hand. This made him uncertain, made him wait for another signal.

None came. Ballard was changing; a war was going on inside him, perhaps because he stood without his chums to back him by their secret glances. An impulse of affection for Brian caught him off guard. He placed his hand on the beautiful wide forehead. "Oh, Lord in Heaven!—what a wonder among horses!"

This outburst was followed at once by a degree of moroseness, either a natural attitude or one induced by the lonely life of the island. His face changed to an-



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other expression: something close to a pout. He turned from Shannon's gaze and looked down at his boots, and seemed to be pondering childhood images, things that pleased him well, for the shadow lifted.

Aware that he now stood on the edge of another secret, Shannon strove for it by frankly asking, "Is there something you wish to tell me, Ballard? I'm uneasy—about the stud, I mean." He drew out the letter from his pocket. "Would you like to read the message his master—a boy much younger than you—sent along with him?"

"No, sir! Oh, no!" Ballard came up a step and paused uneasily.

"It's as much for you as for me, you know."

"Oh, I couldn't read that. It can't be for me, Mr. Shannon. If it's for the island at all, it's for the captain."

"I can see that, of course." Shannon had no wish to trick the youngster, nor did he care to risk inducing him to an open breach of discipline. Nevertheless, his fear for Brian's well-being drove him to another stroke, a simple one, but shrewd enough. He said, "We'll meet later on then."

Ballard didn't move. He started a word, then blocked it with a lick of his tongue across his lower lip. He couldn't keep his eyes off Brian; once again, the expression of tenderness restored his agreeable expression.

Shannon saw that words wouldn't serve either of them, and that an action of some kind—perhaps not there in the barn—might give Ballard a chance to show him something, something of a terrible nature that had been kept hidden from him, and from that boy ashore too. Watching closely for the effect of his words, he said, "My respectful compliments to Captain Duane, and I request permission to exercise the stud. A ride up the beach, I mean."

His earlier daring made Ballard's eyes glitter. He replied, "Very well, sir." Yet, in his stride away, he paused.

What else did he want? Shannon struck on the answer with no difficulty. "And, if you please, I respectfully request

the assignment of a mounted man to show me around. I've had no occasion to ride these beaches."

Ballard hurried out of the barn.

BALLARD mounted and led the way from the stables to a much-trampled path that dipped into a bog of cranberry bush and wound into the dunes of the eastern shore. It was Shannon's first sight of that shore, which is the shore of wrecks. He saw the tide whirling among the broken topsail schooners of Gloucester and among ancient sailing ships, half swallowed in graves of sand. On a bar halfway to the East Light he saw the latest victim of Sable's shifting sands: the freighter, her blue stack shooting down flashes of sunlight into the green breakers.

"British-built," said Ballard. "Greek-owned. We took off thirty-two men and her skipper and killed two horses getting the buoy gear through the muck." He drove those images away and, looking fondly down at Brian's gay action, shouted above the music of the sea. "Let him go! I'll meet you at the Greek."

After so many horses that were never up to his weight, Brian's abundant power stirred Shannon deeply. He had a light hand—like the boy's hand, he thought—and when he lifted the stallion to the canter, he shouted like a boy. He gave Brian time to suit his shoes and gait to the hard surface of the beach; then he touched him to the gallop and let him go beautifully into the spray and wind.

Near the Greek, he brought him down to the walk and let him fool around in the surf. Brian took to it playfully and seemed ready enough for another swim. Ballard came up, and they turned together back into the dunes. There Brian fought the bit for the first time. He began to shudder. His ears went down.

Ballard had been waiting for this change. A change came over him too. He became grim, and Shannon, never relaxing his keen watch over that responsive face, saw that some of the rich color of his cheeks had faded. Ballard reached out and struck Shannon's arm.

"You'll see it now—what I meant!

JASPER

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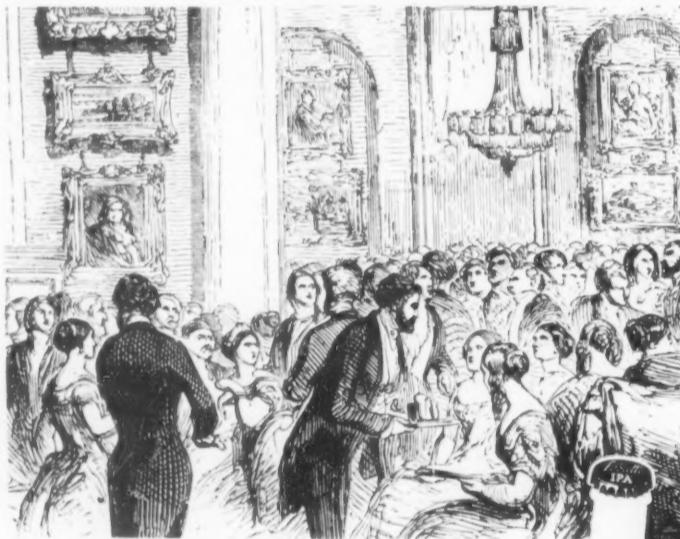
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"Bloody murderer!" Ballard shouted at Jaca. The vicious wild stud retreated but was not afraid

What I didn't dare tell you."

Halfway around a dune Brian stopped of his own accord. There, slouched halfway up the dune, an island stud stood stretched out like a pointing dog, his nostrils snuffing in a story never read before: the scent of a mainland stallion. This wild stud was a black, or nearly so, and stood about fifteen hands. His matted mane lay thick and soiled, and hung so heavily that it seemed to have twisted his neck permanently. This gave the stud a serpentlike aspect. Nevertheless, under the ragged hide and the streaks of salt his ancient qualities—perhaps Arabian—showed in the well-sprung ribs and in the amber-hued, spirited eyes, somewhat lower in the skull than usual. The eyes stayed fixed on Brian, and the greenish teeth shone under the uplifted muzzle.

"Jaca!" Ballard shouted the name. A violent expression of hatred and disgust distorted his face. "Bloody murderer!" He wheeled his anxious horse closer to Shannon and told him, in a rush of wild phrases, that the stud had been in the island log books for many years. He didn't know the meaning of the name. He knew him to be the sire of the greatest band of mares on the island, mares he had won and kept by those teeth and by the cracked malformed hoofs that now began to beat in fury against the sand.

Driven almost into a frenzy by some memory, Ballard shouted a curse at the staring beast above him. "You will, will you? Damn you! Know what you're thinking, I do." In a sudden calmness he said to Shannon, "Stand by now and watch out. Keep Brian in hand. There's worse than this hereabouts."

He drew a leather whip from his carbine sheath. He touched his horse with its thick short lash, not to make him mind, but to show what he was up to. His horse worked forward smoothly. The island stud brought muzzle and lip together and blew a keen note, not unlike the shriek of the terns slanting past his head. He reared and hammered the air until the sand slipped under his hind hoofs. At this, Ballard's horse lunged upward, and Ballard brought down the whip in a savage slash across the stud's forehead. He struck three times before the stud turned away, retreating but not afraid.

Shannon was so intent on this furious action that he was nearly unseated by Brian's sudden rearing. He had to bring him down sharply, yet even this didn't check him from a plunge halfway up the dune. This brought him alongside Ballard's horse, and there he wheeled in a violent turn so that he faced down the dune. Shannon then saw the cause of Brian's bolting. Five more wild studs had come up and now stood, shoulder to shoulder, their eyes staring viciously under forelocks blowing heavy in the wind off the sea. For a moment more the gross pattern held. It broke when Jaca, walking slowly, came around toward the five others. They parted before him and followed him away.

Shannon's horror choked down his words. At last he got them out: "The Lord forbid this thing!"

He raised his voice to make it clear over the surf. "What's this, Ballard? I never heard of these savages being together except for a fight. Isn't that true?"

"Yes, sir."

He told Shannon what he had already

heard in yarns and legends: that the studs never met, except when a younger one, needing mares, challenged an elder in a conflict that always ended in the death of one, a ghastly triumph marked by a day-long stamping upon the fallen loser until his carcass became part of the earth.

"And now they're at peace and banded together against this fellow here?" Shannon pointed to Brian's chestnut shoulder, flecked by spray. "To slash him to death?"

"Yes, sir."

"Under the signals of that Jaca?"

Ballard shouted a curse. "Oh, why didn't I kill him then?" He abruptly calmed down and, his head bent, struck his fist repeatedly against the butt of his carbine.

"No," said Shannon, "no, that can't be the story. Killing one—he—is that the answer? There are others, aren't there? Just as bad? How many?"

"Twenty-three, sir." He quickly corrected the figure. "No—twenty-two now. He killed one three days ago. When I had my chance to kill him and didn't take it."

The number of the wild studs hit Shannon hard. "We can't kill all of them, even if—" He checked his rush of words because fear—fear and a keen spreading anguish—made him lose control. He waited to master a firmer tone. "If they'll tackle him with a man aboard, what will they do if they get him alone? He'd not last long, my boy."

Ballard said nothing. He glanced, apparently with some apprehension, over his shoulder.

Shannon leaned from the saddle and lightly struck the other's arm. "Where are the mares then? And the foals? Is that part of their game?"

"Yes. Hidden. All together for once. Driven off beyond the lagoon. Until this is over. Until Brian's dead and pounded into the sand."

"And if I myself kill Jaca? What then?"

"It will make no difference."

"Tell me this one thing: you seem to know that Brian will be alone among



Who is it?

The toy gun is a clue to the identity of this Canadian who bossed Canada's biggest job overseas. Turn to page 48 to see who this boy grew up to be.



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them? How do you know that?"

Ballard didn't choose to reply, although his expression and his continued slow strokes against the pommel hinted that he had the answer. His earlier confusion overcame him again. He took a clumsy way out. He looked, with pretended interest, over the surf. Far to the eastward, a sail glittered among the whitecaps. Farther still, a liner lay on a southerly course.

"A French vessel," he said. "For some reason or other, they like to sail close to us. Too close."

Shannon responded in a dry, easy-going manner. "I don't care for close sailing myself." This round-about style didn't suit him very well just then. He made another appeal, this time in a voice so charged with emotion that he himself was surprised. "I'll tell you how it is, Ballard. As things go—you know how they go aboard my vessel—I don't see many beautiful things, one year to another. This fellow here"—he pointed toward the handsome mane—"he's the most beautiful creature on God's green earth. I haven't seen the like of him

since I was your age. Leading them into my daddy's blacksmith shop. For plates. Plates, mind you, for his nice hoofs. Not those blasted clogs!" He glanced down in scorn at the heavy shoes out of sight in the sand. "And I have that boy on my mind. The boy whose letter you didn't want to read. Because you're afraid of it." Without a by-your-leave, he pulled the letter out and thrust it into Ballard's shirt pocket. "Read it when you're alone. All alone."

It was no use. Ballard had himself in hand. He kept his face averted. He flush-

ed, plainly in shame caused by his inward struggle. He said, "Ah, that's where you learned to handle horses? Where was it—the shop?" Without waiting even an instant, he added, "Sir, we can be seen from the light."

Shannon lifted the reins.

CAPTAIN DUANE, seated at a work-table full of well-ordered papers and open bookkeeping journals, accepted Shannon's salute in a changed manner, one marked by an anxiety that gentled his grimness. He had been writing a radio message. He kept his right hand over it. His left hand lay on a sheaf of papers, blue and white.

Shannon kept his place and stayed at attention. He remembered the office. He had done business there, now and then, when his vessel took on horses for the mainland. He read again the names of the lost vessels whose nameboards were nailed on the wall beyond the table: Columbia, Gen. Foch, Democracy, Elsa, Cameronian. Among them, an ivory freight amidst the melancholy souvenirs, a walrus skull stared darkly at the sea-blue window. Those beasts had bred on Sable Island an age ago, when it had been much larger. The skull had turned up in the sand after a long gale.

A gust of wind rattled sand against the window. Rain fell.

Duane jerked his right hand up and said, "Be seated." He turned on an electric lamp because the room had darkened. This better light had the effect of revealing his strange eyes more clearly. They were somewhat marred by long and difficult thought.

Shannon sat down and waited, with an empty expression, for the opening words. Those were: "I have fresh advices from the mainland. No reflection on your ability as a horseman, Shannon, but I found it necessary to inform my superiors that they were in error when they had the stud hot-shod before shipment. No need of so much metal."

This had no easy meaning; however, since he broke off his sentences in the way of an orator waiting for applause, Shannon applauded with: "Very good, sir. Very good. I'm only sorry that they didn't consult you on that point before." He was wondering what his own response could possibly mean when, in a free unrelated action, his memory recited the boy's beseechment: "And a roof over his dear head so I may rest easy on winter nights." In a subtleness that pleased him, he tried hard for the cozy stall, a roof against this rain, against this September and the howling winter. Hurting him, stirring once more his anguish, another image rose: Brian taking shelter under the tilted bow of the Greek and the snow falling.

"If the captain will permit me—"

"Certainly, Shannon, certainly!"

"The respect due to the captain's rank requires me to state that he is not properly mounted. Government should mount a man according to his rank and, since I happen to know the captain's services are highly regarded by government, I propose the stud should be assigned to the captain's stable, and another—a good, sturdy chunk—be shipped for the breeding."

Duane had swelled nicely under this flow; indeed, he had permitted himself to flush to the ears. As if he hadn't heard much of his repute ashore (which was true), he let a silence fall in which he seemed to be listening gravely to an echo of Shannon's words. Nevertheless, his enjoyment quickly waned under the pressure of a fact close at hand—among the dispatches. An aggrieved look drove his glory away.

"That very thing has been refused. Ex-

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actly what you propose, Shannon, is just now—this moment—refused." He gulped, a wretched undignified croak of disappointment.

The words puzzled Shannon. It made him sick at heart to learn, beyond doubt, that any man could cook up such a scheme to throw a leg over a fine horse, yet he put that part out of his mind at once because he believed that the government's refusal must have a wider meaning. *"The devil is loose in this somewhere."*

BEFORE he could strike on a word to make Duane talk, the truth came in a series of disjointed sentences, each one marked by a blow of his fist on the messages that had offended him.

"I didn't expect this! No!" And: "I had to tell them there's no other mare ready. Are they mad? How do I know when wild mares are in season?" He answered himself by his first laughter, so cold and mirthless that his face seemed suddenly frosted over.

Shannon perceived that, once again, Duane was imitating somebody. In a roll-back of his images he recalled that this somebody was actually the absent superintendent, who laughed—quite rarely—in just that way. He waited gloomily, listening for the revelation he knew must come.

In a much stronger tone, close to a windy roar, Duane asked, "You know they're very smart ashore? You're aware of that, I'm sure."

"Smart enough to catch you in a lie," said Shannon to himself. In open answer, he just muttered, "Sir? Sir?"

Seeming to understand Shannon's distress and to relish it, Duane came up a sentence closer to the secret. "They see very clearly that the mares out there"—he thrust his hand toward the streaked window—"will refuse him while he has the iron on him. Just as that one in the barn did." He began to rise, slumped down, held both hands briefly to his forehead and whispered, "I tell you: I don't like this radio. This quick exchange. It's like being watched. Spied on!"

In an attempt to turn him back, Shannon said, "It's brash of them ashore to put their knowledge against yours, sir."

This passed unheeded. Now entirely out of the grand character he had set up for himself, Duane changed to an uneven low tone, speaking with difficulty. "Do you realize what I've got here? Do you?" He picked up the top message, holding it in his hands, and seeming ready to rip it apart.

"Sir?"

"Shannon, I've orders here to release my stallion among those bands!"

Shannon rose to his feet, his hands signaling what he couldn't put into words: *"The Lord forbid this thing!"*

"Be seated!" At this command, Duane stood up. He strongly wished to abuse his superiors. He did it by a twist into sarcasm. "Herds. They call them herds. They are properly bands."

Shannon noted, with increasing dismay, that even such a trite revenge satisfied the man's vanity. This baffled him. He could think of nothing to say except the same exclamation: "Oh, sir! Oh, sir!"

"Is there anything we can say to this? Ah, nothing, nothing! He is to run wild. They have said it. If there's a mare in the trap that will stand for him there, he's to cover her. After that—alone!" His furious gaze switched back and forth, seeing nothing. He sighed profoundly. "He'll have hay, sweet water and grain set out for him."

This was his first move to persuade himself that everything would be all right with Brian. He kept up that line

with nods of satisfaction. "He's very keen, Brian is. A hunter learns quickly. That I know. And who knows he'll move off at all? Besides, he's a hand higher and more—more!—than that damned Jaca, and he has the strength of three like him."

At this admission of the true danger, Shannon rose from his chair and at once gave up his flattering style. Intending to break Duane there and then by words if he could, he spoke roughly. "Duane, now you've said it! And it took you long enough. Yes, he has the strength of three like the damned Jaca. No doubt. But not

the strength of twenty. You know what it means that there's peace among the island studs? For once?"

Duane looked sideways and began to fumble among the papers. His face had gone dark red with the shame of yielding to the change in Shannon's manner.

Shannon took a step nearer. "You mark my words! You'll never see his weanlings outside this barn. He needs a roof. And more—more! What kind of man are you? Will you have mares foaling to him in that blasted desert?"

Duane stayed silent.

Shannon kept on in the same fierceness. "You mean to say—but you don't say so!—that Brian must kill a stud to get his mares. Jaca—he must kill Jaca—and yes!—he must kill them all! Is that what you say he must do?"

"I don't say so, Tom. They do." Duane drew back from the ring of light. He spoke from the semidarkness beyond. "There's no help for it."

"What will they say if he does kill them all?"

"Let them say it. Let them say it."

"Speak up now! Do you order me to

"You should ask my husband about that! Get him to tell you about the time he asked me to buy some for him—and I bought the right size but the wrong brand! How was I to know he wanted Lord Calvert? But, when I got home, I soon learned! 'Listen, my dear,' he said, 'you'd better remember that when I say whisky I mean Lord Calvert . . . and no other!' Seems that Lord Calvert is somehow a little drier, a little lighter, and that, once you've tried it, you'll be content with no other brand. He certainly wasn't! So now I know. And you'd be surprised how many of our guests agree that Lord Calvert is the finest of all whiskies."



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take the shoes off him and turn him loose?"

"It's their order. Not mine."

Shannon turned away. "I'll take the shoes off him now and let him go."

UNABLE to take his sleep, Shannon lay booted in his room at Duane's quarters, watching the beams of the light-houses glide over the dunes and over the quiet sea, which was at slack water. He got up, put on his jacket, and went through the kitchen. He opened the door. All the stars were clear in a blue night, flowing westward smoothly. The half-moon had some time to go. The saddled horses at the tie-up, under a roof of ship timbers, greeted him. They were kept there for his use, and for Duane in case a vessel signaled in distress and there was hard riding to do.

"It's a soft night, anyway, and there's light for him to see by. That's a blessing."

He was thinking of trying to sleep when there came, clear as a bugle call, an unearthly scream, shattering the monotone of the tide. He ran out. The horses reared and tried to turn toward the sound. He ran beyond them.

Between the corral and the dunes he saw a gleaming of many eyeballs, touched by starlight, inflamed by anger. Those were the eyes of the island studs, many of them, galloping in a brigade toward the house. Then, nearer, he made out the glistening shape of Brian, running easily, his head well up, and turning frequently to glance at his pursuers. Keeping the distance between him and the band, Brian ran outside the fence of ship timbers, draped with trawler nets, salvaged from wrecked Gloucestermen. He turned with the turning of the fence and swept by the house to go down the western side of the corral.

At this point, the island studs changed their tactics. While half of them stayed after Brian, the others wheeled, whistling shrilly, and galloped back the way they had come. They intended to close in on him from both sides.

Shannon loosed his horse, mounted, and kicked him into the gallop. He pulled up the carbine from its sheath.

"This time, Jaca! Now for you!"

He had no present need of shooting. Although Brian was hard-pressed, he

Answer

to Who is it? on page 42

General H. D. G. Crerar, who rose to be commander of the Canadian Army Overseas in World War II.

seemed to stay calm, ready to make his own way out of an unequal bloody conflict. He swung away from the tangled fence, chose a dark strip of earth where the marsh hay grew thick, turned, and came down it in a slow stride. In the instant before the two bands closed Brian sailed over the fence in a beautiful rise and fall, above the moon and down it.

The two bands mingled. Again the whistling sounded above the hiss of surf. All retreated in an orderly rank, heading swiftly for the western end of the corral.

Seeing that this change might take them to the open gate, by which the wild horses entered and were trapped, Shannon booted his mount around the end. He meant to close the gate against the studs.

already swinging around the far end. The gate had been their objective. Either the sight of him, or his scent, stopped them forty yards away. In a rapid smooth manoeuvre — so well managed that it made him curse—they spread into a half circle, their heads lowered, their upturned eyes afire.

"Away, you murderers!"

He roared again at them and drove straight toward the centre of the stamping line, his carbine out, for he meant to shoot if they stood against his voice. They backed in steady fashion. A smallish stud, holding a forward middle position, broke first. The others streaked after him around a dune. All but one. This was Jaca. He did not turn. His eyes green flames and fixed forward, he slowly backed out of sight.

Near at hand an island stud lay on his side, his forelegs kicking in a slow waning action. It was he that had uttered the scream. A hoof had broken his poll open. For him, Shannon kept the carbine out. He held off the act of mercy because the skill of the chase had shown him that the studs were no mean enemy, and were capable, even now, of rushing the gate and attacking Brian within the corral.

He dismounted and ran to the gate. This nearly cost him his life. A mare lunged out of the gate in a furious flight, her mouth gaping, her clumsy mane flying. In her passage she knocked Shannon down, and halted long enough to rear and bring her forefeet down, a blow that would have brained him if he hadn't kept on rolling. The spurting sand whipped across his mouth. The mare jumped away. He flung himself at the gate and pushed it into place, his shoulders straining against the bars.

At the moment of its closing, Brian appeared in the night above him, actually

high in the air. Over the bars he leaped, his barrel awash with starlight, and away he galloped after the mare.

"Ah, you beautiful fool!"

Shannon ran up the dune, calling to Brian. The shore lay empty, its creamy line of foam curling in the dark.

He went back to the dying stud and shot him properly.

"One less."

Life ran out of the stud. Shannon watched it go in the shudders and in the final groan. Pity rose in his heart, for he knew this one had been driven to the attack by a natural desire to save the scanty forage for his foals and to keep his mares safe from a stranger. When the stud lay quiet, Shannon turned to wash his mouth in the tide; and then, impelled by his seamankindness, he came back to the carcass. He bent down close to the ruined head, and even ran his hand across the broken part. He saw that the blow—no doubt from Brian's hoof—had not actually burst open the skull. His fingers told him that two blows had been struck.

"This was done with the bare hoof." He knew another thought was making up slowly. He waited and gave it a nod of desperate welcome. "If ever I lay hands on you again, Brian, I'll make you an armed man."

HE rode around the dune and up the next one, high above the echoing hollow, where a lagoon flowed inland a space. The moon lay wallowing in the troughs beyond, its light redoubled in the rising breakers. Massive, disorderly and meaningless, a noise new to him swelled over the sea. When the breakers fell into foam he heard the strange roar in a clearer beat. A golden eye peered at him out of a hulk. This he took to be glass in

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a tipped shattered deck. A moment later a trick of light or the descending of the moon surrounded that one unblinking eye with many others. These were alive. They were the eyeballs of the mares and their young, driven to that place, as Ballard had said, and kept there until the conflict ended.

Shannon turned back into the hollow and rode westward a space, intending to come nearer the mares, for it seemed to him that the mare of the corral, bold as she might be, would not long disobey the command that kept the others together. Brian might have followed her. He walked his horse up a dune. A silence came over the mares. He strained forward to peer at them. The loss of moonlight made it hard to see them.

He called out, "Brian! Brian!"

Without a boot or a lifted hand to start him, his horse began walking off toward the barn. Shannon let him go. He kept his eyes on the East Light beam, where it swept over the dunes. A mounted man took shape there, a second horse near him at a walk. Shannon followed after. The course led toward the barn.

Now Shannon's horse—a little barn-crazy like all the other broken mounts—seemed willing to go, and Shannon let him run at a fast trot up to the barn. There he waited.

The other rider had circled toward the corral. He now appeared, still half-seen. A moment later, Shannon saw him raise his hand in a flinging motion. At that, the second horse appeared. It was Brian. He came up to Shannon in an easygoing stride. Shannon dismounted, took Brian by the forelock, and began talking to him. Even under the soothing hand and voice, Brian shuddered. He was lathered. Because the coat seemed odd to his touch. Shannon looked at his hand. There was blood on his fingers.

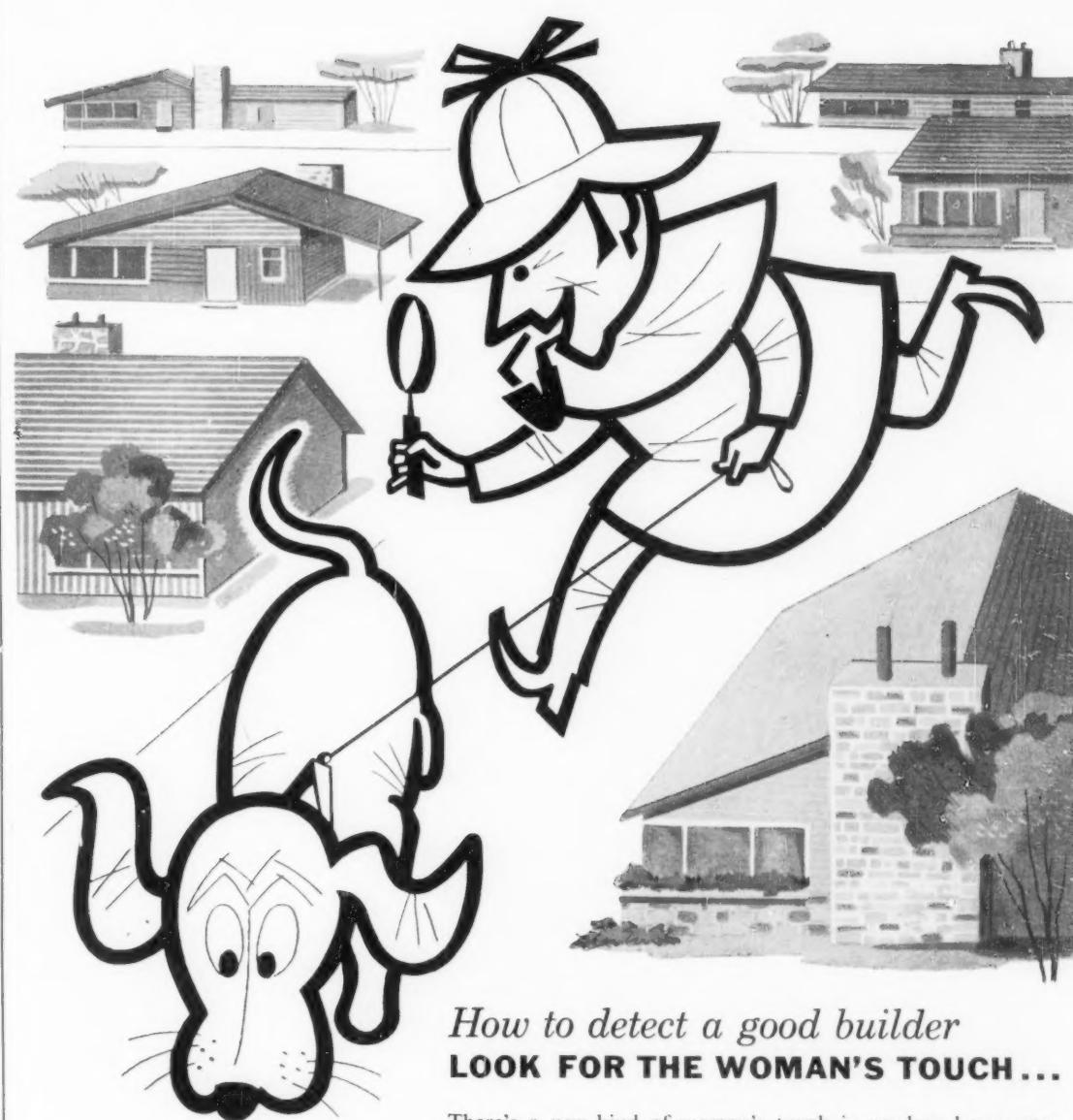
He shouted into the darkness. "Ballard! You there, Ballard?"

He waited a space and called again. It then became clear to him, somewhat tardily, that the secret rider had good reason not to show himself. In seeking Brian and finding him, the rider had violated orders and might expect little mercy from Duane.

Shannon led Brian and his mount toward the barn. He watched Brian's stride. It seemed all right. He soon discovered that the white stocking of his right forefoot had darkened in the flow of blood. Looking onward, his eye caught a strange thing: sparks blowing from the chimney of the blacksmith shop. Its two windows were full of light. He let go of the bridle and gave his mount a slap to send him toward the barn door, which was open, a dim light in it. A startling thing happened: a man, who had been in the shadows, stepped out and grasped the horse's bridle. He then led him into the barn.

Shannon said, "We have friends here, Brian. All around us."

He led the stallion off to one side in order to take a look at the blacksmith-shop door before he came up close to it. He was ready now to do what he must do for Brian. It wasn't a deed that others might safely see. He came up to the window. It surprised him to see that the forge fire was hot. Someone had been working the bellows. Yet there was nobody at the anvil. A leather apron lay on it, neatly rolled. He pulled the door open and led Brian into the shop. In that light he saw that the stallion's shoulder had been slashed—from the shoulder across ward the windpipe. The wound was not a bad one, but enough to send the blood down his leg. He examined the hoofs. Already the sand had begun to scour off the natural oils. He lifted the lips. When he found hairs between the teeth, he cursed



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the island, Duane, and, worst of all, he laid a curse on the wild studs.

"Their damned and double-damned teeth especially, Brian."

He found a jar in the medicine chest marked Potassium Permanganate, and with the solution he sponged out the wound. When Brian shuddered, he said, "You run a chance of lockjaw, my boy. Know that, do you?" He kept on talking and praising him until the job was done.

"And now for it, lad. We'll teach those wolves there's more than smell to good iron."

He lifted his hand to the bellows and blew the fire up again. He raked it, and turned to the anvil, wanting the leather to save himself from sparks. The instant he laid his hand on the apron, he found something odd about it. He pushed back the top fold. There lay the heavy shoes that Brian had worn to the island. The shoes had been changed. Somebody had forged winter calks — blunt points of iron—and had welded them to the shoe, two in each toe. The shoes had become weapons, indeed.

Within the hour Shannon had put them

on. He walked the stallion up and down the floor, keeping an eye on his action because he feared the weight added to the shoes might throw him off. Brian stepped about awkwardly, lifting too high as he went. He seemed to understand Shannon's warnings and soon managed things quite well. Outside again on the yielding sand Brian handled himself even better. Shannon led him down nearer the corral. There he stood aside. Brian walked slowly toward the eastern shore. The night, now without a moon, closed over him.

DUANE stared at Shannon, then at Ballard, and back again to Shannon. "You say he killed a wild stud?"

"I do."

"Then in and out of the corral?"

"In and out. Over."

"After a mare, you say?"

"Aye! And I say more; that there'll be no breeding of that mare—or any other—by a stud that has to fight for his life."

"Is that so now? Why do you think that, Shannon?"

"You're used to these savages that kill for their mares. I'm used to true horses ashore, and such a one will be thrown off—tightened up—by attempts to murder him."

Duane shifted his gaze uneasily, and caught Ballard's eye. "Bury that stud."

"Sir, it is buried."

"Without my orders? How do you know I might have wished to examine it? This man may not know what he's talking about. Explain!"

"Sir," said Ballard quickly to stop Shannon's protest, "the patrol found the stud and, according to standing orders, called me before burying it. The skull was battered, sir, by the blows of a hoof. It's quite the usual way, sir. But the carcass wasn't trampled in the usual way. I found a bullet hole. I examined the teeth, according to orders, and discovered blood and hairs wedged in them in the usual way."

The exactness of this report, and its correct delivery, hurt Duane's assurance. He looked quite closely at his hands where they lay in the morning light across his worktable. In a change to a tricky mildness, he asked a question that left him even worse off in Shannon's estimation.

"And may I ask—in quite the usual way—what you are doing here in my office, Ballard? It was Shannon I sent for, I think?"

Shannon watched the youngster flush under that meanness. He turned idly away to save Ballard what shame he could. He heard Ballard's voice, unchanged and precise, go on. "According to standing orders, sir, I am here to report that the glass is off a point since five o'clock and a nor'easter is expected. The patrols have been doubled. It's quite the usual way."

"By glass," said Duane, his spite making his voice a little shaky, "you mean barometer and by nor'easter you mean northeaster, I take it?"

"Exactly, sir."

Shannon left the place.

THE cries of the young terns sharpened. Their flights grew short, as if the air dragged their wings. Shannon snuffed up the wind and found the gale in it. Out of the southwest, and low, very low, a procession of clouds, summits fired by the sun, heaved and tumbled toward the point where the gale must rise. Beyond the lagoon, another wind stopped the clouds, piled them up, one above the other, until the new massiveness shut out the sky. The topmost ridge darkened. The breakers began a moo-ing noise, like a hundred cows suddenly bereft of calves. A swath of pearl-like sky formed along the rim of the world.

A patrol of three mounted men came away from the barracks at a fast walk. They wore storm hats and carried rolls of foul-weather clothing behind their saddles. He hadn't seen these men before, yet they purposely drifted toward him, raising their hands in greeting. They came up and, just before they put their horses into the trot, one of them, without looking at Shannon directly, shouted some words.

These were: "To the lighthouse, please, Mr. Shannon! Ballard!"



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He made no sign, merely gazed after them in a pretense of idle interest. When they reached the corral and the trail for the eastern beach, he walked slowly around the barn, stopping now and then to search among the dunes. He hoped that Duane might be right in suggesting that Brian would linger near the establishment. Where the breakers of the eastern shore curved around the flat at the end of the island, he saw one horse standing at so great a distance that he couldn't tell what the horse might be. A little later, a man appeared and mounted. Shannon figured it was another patrol who had been examining wreckage or, possibly, had found the body of a foal, left to perish by its dry mother.

He walked rapidly to the entrance to the lighthouse, where he had been, once or twice, some years ago. He went through the entrance and climbed the winding iron stairway until he reached the light itself. The reflectors shimmered and changed from bright to dull and back again, matching the shifting hues of sea and sky.

Ballard stood there, his eyes again shadowed with anxiety. He said, "I knew you'd be looking for the stallion. This is the best place for it." He hesitated on the edge of his bad news. "I may be wrong, but I don't like the looks of things. Out there, I mean."

"What's wrong, Ballard? What don't you like?"

"Everything is exactly right—same as before—among the bands and that's just what worries me."

When Shannon, eager to see this return of the studs to their mares, laid his hand on the iron door that led to the outer walk, Ballard shook his head in warning. "You can see well enough from here, sir." He handed Shannon a pair of glasses and said, "Pick out the Greek."

After fiddling with the glasses a while, Shannon made out a band of forty mares and foals feeding in company. Close behind them, a stud walked, not feeding, but ranging to the right and left and at times pressing forward briskly to nip a lagging mare.

Shannon said, "All at peace again."

"Aye. Now look toward the lagoon."

Shannon found there a somewhat smaller band in exactly the same circumstances: mares nibbling at the sparse forage, long-legged foals stumbling and trying to nudge the teats. This time he recognized the driver stud. "Jaca?"

Ballard nodded. He became instantly angry when Shannon cried, "This means they have finished Brian off already!"

"I don't say that, sir! No, I do not."

"But it's possible?"

"Yes."

"How can you explain it otherwise—that they're in bands again and not the studs together? Did his iron frighten them off?"

"Never!"

"What else, man? Speak up."

"You understand this has never happened here before—"

"Aye, aye! You told me that."

"So I can't be sure, one way or the other. The only hope is that it's another trick by Jaca. Perhaps he's holding off for the gale or for the night. Maybe he won't do it in broad daylight because that might

draw the guns down on him. He knows gunfire."

"Is he as smart as all that comes to, Ballard?"

"Yes, he is."

"I'll kill him myself," said Shannon. "I'll break a leg for him with a bullet and they'll finish him. They'll trample him."

Ballard looked at him in wonderment. "Oh, who told you that, Mr. Shannon?" Not waiting for an answer, he went on: "No! They'd never do a thing like that to a down horse. After a fair fight—what

they think fair—they'd have no mercy. But a hurt horse—no! They'd just stand by whimpering. When a horse is down by accident, we have to do the killing, sir. That's why we carry the guns. One reason, anyway."

"And the other reason?"

"About the same thing—to shoot dying foals and mares. It happens all the time. Poor births. Orders are they can't be allowed to suffer." He shrugged off an unpleasant recollection and sighed over it. More cheerful, he said, "And we shoot tramp seals too. For the fresh meat. Some

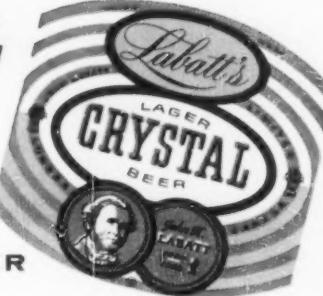
of us came to like it in the north."

Two more patrols passed between the barn and the barracks.

"We're in for it, Mr. Shannon. Double patrols all day and all night. For boats and dories that may come ashore. The East Light patrols meet the West at the Greek and I take their reports. If you go out—look for me there."

After Ballard had gone down, Shannon resumed his watch over the island. His vessel was sending away the island longboat with drums of gasoline—the last of the fuel for the West Light, he

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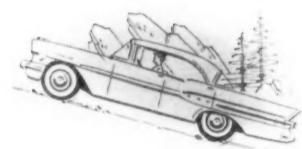
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"Before the wild stud could even open his jaws,
the hoofs came in a blow square on his skull"

figured, because the boat was overloaded. There wasn't time for another trip. The man at the tiller, face turned toward the sky, shouted to the oarsmen and they gave him the deep stroke. The vessel's anchor came up and her blinker began sending. He didn't bother to read it because he knew that his captain was saying that he didn't like that anchorage in a blow.

A sweep of hail hid the island and the sea. Laden with sand ripped from the tops of dunes, the hail struck the windows a terrible blow like the lash of a whip. The lighthouse shook slightly, not from that assault, but from the wider assault of breakers pounding all along the eastern shore. When the squall howled past, and a measure of light returned, he saw a black furrow down the middle of the dunes where hail and wind had plowed. Whitecap creased the lagoon and, at once, broke the quiet surfaces of the marsh ponds. The marsh hay flattened. Beyond the Greek, he made out a sail: a vessel fleeing from the dreaded lee shore and trying to get around the East Bar into the anchorage beyond.

A massive, half-seen movement in the near marsh broke the gale pattern. He hurried to the other side of the light. Had he not tired of damming the island, he'd have damned it again.

"He was right!"

A herd of mares and foals began streaming, shoulder to shoulder in enforced closeness, toward the lighthouse. They were driven at such a headlong pace that the leaders plunged directly into a pond so deep that the first mares had to swim. He saw foals vanish; and a reddish mare, her mouth opening in a squeal of terror, went down, too, when she tried to break the advance and reach her young.

Far beyond the struggling herd, the beam of the East Light began wheeling into a darkness thick as night. The beam spattered on the bridge of the Greek just as an enormous sea vaulted over the vessel. Even in his shelter of glass windows Shannon heard a din a hundred times louder than the noise of a vessel hove to in a gale. The white beam clawed against the gale. It burst through walls and rains of spray and, in swinging westward, it momentarily revealed the mares plunging into the shelter of the three high dunes that formed the western beach and bank of the lagoon.

Shannon's hopes rose because he had roughly counted the band revealed by the light, and judged them to be forty or so. The next sweep of light revealed his error: he had seen only the vanguard. Now all the mares and all the young were massed in a heaving concentration, where the studs had hidden them before. Blocked by the lowering clouds, the lighthouse beam seemed to shatter again, much of its glittering thrust deflected; and those minor rays, slanting and shooting backward, struck against the straining eyeballs of the mares—hundreds of eyeballs set afire with one hue of vivid green.

A telephone bell, somewhere near at hand, rang gently. After a while, a second bell, in the crown of the tower, pealed three times. The massive turret of reflectors began to revolve smoothly. The electric lamps did not go on.

Quickly rising to its full power in the September style, the gale began a more regular pounding along the beaches. Shannon had heard some tales of seas passing all the way across the island at

its narrowest width, halfway to the East Light. Now he saw it. A whirling crest of spray jumped the dunes and broke. A second followed fast and, riding over the first backwash, bolted nearly to the western beach. A third wave, rising almost to the scudding clouds, flattened out and, instead of falling back, poured onto the western beach, cutting the island in two for a time.

It seemed to Shannon that nothing could live among the dunes at that flooded point. Nevertheless, it was out of that splashing murk that the island studs now came, not in a frightened disarray, but in excellent order, stretched low in an easy gallop, stride matching stride. They kept a certain space apart, and this never varied. Their heads, sagging under burdens of soaked manes, turned slightly to the left and right. They were like wolves seeking a scent. Now and then, a shaggy head rose high, the nostrils snuffing. This meant to him that they were seeking the scent of Brian and his burned horn in the wind, too.

He couldn't make out Jaca. He looked along the course they were following, for it seemed likely that Brian had galloped by unseen by him, and that the studs were actually on a hot scent. Shannon saw nothing in the corral, nothing along its railings, where the dragger nets, rippled anew by the gale, blew upward in purplish skeins and folds.

When he looked back to the plunging rank, its shape was breaking. Instead of dashing into the marsh pond, as the mares had, the studs divided into two bands and wheeled around the shores. One stud, whose white blaze Shannon remembered, swung to the left, then turned and started to join the other band. At this point, something—scent or sight or sound—whirled him around to face the way he had come.

He ran a stride or two on the backward course. There a warning of some kind stopped him. He stood a moment, his long tail waving across the sand. He began to turn. This retreat came too late.

OUT of the dripping mist, a horse bounded into clearer view. It was Brian. He reared, lifting his head up against the grey, his forefeet gathered above his muzzle. Before the wild stud could even open his jaws, the hoofs came in a single blow square on his skull. He died at once, had only time and life enough to blow out his last breath. Brian backed away into the mist.

"One less!" Just as Shannon shouted the words, a hand touched his shoulder. Certain that only Duane would come up to a man in such secret style, he kept his gaze on the window a moment before he coldly turned.

Duane said, "You have not my permission to enter the light. Please leave at once." To make himself heard, he had to shout.

Shannon knew the book. "I don't require your permission to come into the light—or any part of the establishment—in an emergency. Don't try that on me again, Duane, or I'll teach you a lesson you need badly. And keep a civil tongue in your head."

He had perceived that Duane had managed to build himself up a little in the past hour. He spoke roughly in order to break him down again—and down he went. The word "emergency" had hurt him. He repeated it in a fumbling way, not sure he had understood.

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He tried again and added, "I'll show shell out—the gate. Besides—"

"I'm not talking about the weather. Look down there!"

Duane stiffly came up to the indicated window and gazed at the streaming snow below.

Shannon said, "You see that carcass? Other side of the pond?" He waited for Duane's bewilderment and, "I just saw the moosehead and all him. Is that what you want to eat?" He took him to the arm and turned him around. "It's the second he's taken. You were right. He can learn—and he has learned. Do you know what he'll do now? Do you?"

Duane shook his head.

"Then I'll tell you. Hell run them tagged one by one, and he'll kill them all. Is that what you want?"

"No, no! I don't want that! I—"

"Do you know what will happen to him if he's attacked by those teeth? You

turn yourself—he'll be dead of locking before I can find him. Is that what you want?" Answer me! All the study in your damned mind dead?" And you in that fax trying to explain? Because that's where I'll find you before I'm through, and or not?"

In dazed confusion Duane looks very closely at his hands, as if one of them might fly open and let out a wonderful answer.

Shannon shouted, "Is that what you want?"

"No, Tom, not! For God's sake, bring him in. I'll tell them where. I'll tell them now."

He ran down the stairs.

SHANNON pushed his mount into the spade. The rain beat so hard that he couldn't see far beyond his horse's ears. He could see that the ears—thin, well-shaped ones—were hard at work, and so

My most memorable meal: No. 23

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recalls



A feast of song in the Alps

I suppose that I've eaten my share of "unusual" meals, including reindeer steak at Aklavik and Arctic char at the mouth of the Coppermine River. However, when it comes to my most memorable meal, I don't have to think twice. It was a luncheon in 1951 on the shore of Lake Annecy in the French Alps, in the garden of the famous Le Père Bise, said to be one of the world's five great restaurants.

Of course the food was superb. I haven't too clear a recollection of just what we ate. I remember there was some delicious trout followed by a fancy pastry of fowl, and that course followed upon course in interminable fashion, accompanied by the best of wines.

There were about twenty of us in the party—all of us, with the exception of my wife and two or three others, members of delegations to the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations, which had just met at Geneva.

French, British, Americans, Canadians and Latin Americans—we had been working together for a number of weeks. Now the time had come to say good-bye, so we had decided to spend a final Sunday at Tallouard, on the shore of Lake Annecy.

It was a magnificent day, and we had an invigorating dip in the lake to sharpen our appetites.

After the meal we were all feeling very happy and very much at peace with the world when one of the South Americans broke into

one of the folk songs of his country. The song was picked up by his compatriots, and then, although we didn't know the words, we joined in by humming the tune.

That was the beginning. When our Latin American friends had exhausted their repertoire, the English delegates carried on. Soon it was our turn and my wife and I and Jimmy Sinclair, who was the other Canadian delegate, obliged with Alouette. I tried a few other French-Canadian folk songs, which Jimmy didn't know, but which most of the French delegates tried their luck at. They weren't always familiar with the words, but for the most part they knew the tunes, nearly all of which had come from France in the old days. Then finally the delegates from France sang their own traditional folk songs and one way or another we all joined in, happy people speaking the truly universal language of music and song.

But looking back, there was a mystic, almost ethereal quality to the occasion, as if here had been a fleeting moment of exquisite perfection snatched from the context of time and set quite apart from the perplexing realities of life. The magnificent blue of the mountains, mirrored in the crystal glass of the lake, the soft warm breeze in the branches overhead, the interplay of sunshine and shadow on the green lawn, and, above all, our own voices raised in song—this indeed was a moment of perfect living, an adventure never to be forgotten.

JEAN LESAGE IS CANADA'S MINISTER OF NATIONAL RESOURCES.



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HOW TO MAKE THIS WIENER CASSEROLE

1 lb. wieners • 2 20-oz. tins kernel corn • 1 10-oz. tin mushrooms
2 tbspsn. butter • 1 cup sliced onions • 1 med. green pepper diced • 1/2 cup
sliced celery • 1 tin mushroom soup • 1/2 cup evaporated milk • 2 tbspsn.
prepared mustard • 1/2 tspn. sweet basil • 1/4 tspn. black pepper
1 cup tea biscuit mix.

Reserve 6 or 8 wieners for top of casserole. Cut rest into 1/2" pieces. Cook corn and drain. Simmer mushrooms until liquid pieces. Sauté onions, green pepper and celery in butter. Add evaporated. Sauté onions, green pepper and celery in butter. Add mushrooms, wieners and cook 2 min. longer. Remove from heat and add soup, milk, mustard, basil, pepper and corn. Turn into greased baking dish. Preheat oven to 400°. Mix biscuit mix with milk or water to form dough. Roll into 8" x 5" rectangle. Cut into 1/2" wide strips and roll one strip around each wiener in spiral. Set wieners on corn mixture and bake 20 to 25 minutes.

\$5,000⁰⁰ in prizes for naming
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1. Simply prepare the tempting Wiener main dish pictured above, following the recipe as described.

2. Name it! You'll think of several good names when you're making it! Others will occur to you when you're enjoying it! Serve it as a surprise supper and ask your family to join in the fun of suggesting names!

3. Send in as many names as you wish, enclosing with each of your entries a label, wrapper or facsimile from any brand of Wieners. Use the entry blank or submit your entry on a plain sheet of paper. Print your name and address clearly.

4. This contest is open to any resident of Canada except employees of Visking Limited, its affiliates, its advertising agencies and their families.

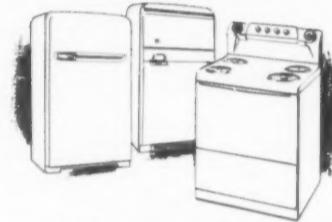
5. Entries will be judged by Herbert A. Watts Ltd., on the basis of originality and pithiness. Judges' decisions are final. In the event of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

6. All entries become the property of Visking Limited, and none will be returned.

7. All entries must be postmarked no later than Midnight, July 15th, 1957, and received by July 31st, 1957.

8. Winners will be notified by mail. List of winners will be made available by Visking Limited.

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My name for the Wiener Dish is _____

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were the flared nostrils. He gave the horse a sound pat on the shoulder and shouted a kindly word to him. When they came up to the dead stud, the horse stopped of his own accord, as if he expected the customary examination. At command, he moved onward; and, without command, turned into a trail that ran under the shelter of the first dunes.

He judged that it would do no good to ride up a dune for a look eastward. The gale seemed to be working around the western end of the island, and the tide was ebbing. Nevertheless, the squalls kept ramming in over the wrecks, and he couldn't have seen far from a height. Taking it easy, he let his mount turn off again into a passage between two dunes, and thus he came out into the eastern beach. The Greek freighter lay hidden in spray and rain. He knew its position and headed for it because he wished to bring Duane's word to Ballard.

An odd change came over his horse. Although the breakers still had a dangerous look about them, the horse kept shifting closer to them, too close for comfort. At the same time the horse began working at the bit in fretful fashion; in fact, when Shannon tightened up on him ever so little, he began to fight the bit. Shannon spoke kindly to him. When this didn't answer, he gave him a whack. Just the same, the horse flung his head back and almost struck Shannon, bent low at the time. The horse reared and tried to throw him. It was a brisk contest. Shannon's knees won it.

He knew now that some action beyond the dunes had frightened his horse badly. He could hear nothing. The light had improved a little to about twilight strength. Since this change warranted a try at the dunes, he turned his horse. He heard a horrifying grunt behind him, a grunt so true to the pen that he wouldn't have been surprised — anywhere else — if an enormous boar had rushed out of the shadows, its tusks red.

Not that. An island stud came stumbling toward him, his mouth gaping in agony. This was the only one he had seen with a roached mane; a mane that had been clipped some time ago. The islanders had tried to break him, and had given it up. Now, indeed, he was broken — in the other sense of the word. His right foreleg had been shattered at the cannon bone, and he ran in such a twisted way that Shannon knew his neck had been broken too. The stud went down heavily at the curling point of surf, and sprawled groaning onto a rift of seaweed. A pulsing flow of blood poured over the green strands and turned them crimson.

At an unearthly shriek pierced the dull music beyond the dunes. Shannon tried to force his horse between the dunes. The horse refused and, in a curious show of wilfulness, made such a plunge at the nearest dune that Shannon let him go. He was ready for anything, if only he could look over that sedent ridge.

In the hard climb over yielding sand the beam of the West Light struck him full in the eyes. In that dazzled moment he heard a shouting far away. He raised in the stirrups and looked down into the hollow beyond.

Nine of the wild studs reared and circled there. Three lay dead and half-dead; and, astride them, a bloody forefoot raised in grace. Brian stood his ground. Bloody ground it was. Dark splotches marred the sheen of gale-softened marsh hay. Twigs and branches of the wild strawberry and the cranberry whirled under the thrusting hoofs.

JACCA, unharmed as yet, broke from the circling pack and lunged at Brian's belly. The raised forefoot struck and

missed narrowly. A second stud, following Jacca, came in on the far side. A fallen stud, heaving in his death struggle, tripped him, and he sprang away like a great cat, his jaws open. He had been thrown off balance and couldn't get his hind feet down solidly from a jump away. The instant that he lurched awkwardly, Brian turned his haunches and struck out his hind hoofs in a blow so powerful that the stud's ribs broke. He sagged down on the stud that had been in his way.

Shannon roared against the wind. He booted his horse hard, trying to drive him down into the arena. The horse refused.

"Brian! Up! Up!"

The stallion backed away from the dead and dying studs and turned to look toward the voice. His ears came up.

Shannon's frantic summons might have been the death of Brian. The attacking studs were quick to catch even such a slight break in his intense watchfulness. Three plunged forward together, and Jacca, apart from them, closed in on the quivering hindquarters.

Shannon drew the carbine and rolled off his horse. He ran halfway down the dune, ready to shoot, but he could not fire into the whirling mass of horses.

The three plunging studs bore onward, head to head, and Brian went down be-

Music depreciation

Unlike the critic who insists
On panning all mouth-organists,
I view them with less heat,
And merely hope that fate decrees
A bout of hoof-and-mouth disease
For those who tap their feet.

P. J. BLACKWELL

fore their charge. This seemed to be a daring trick because he kept on rolling, his legs striking furiously on the upturns. He got his feet under him and, again heaving upward, he struck the same blow: two ironed hoofs together on a thrusting head. A stud went down.

Shannon fired a shot into the air. The explosion, or his nearness, drove several of the studs back a little distance. To Jacca, the shot offered only another chance to drive in. This time, he came alone. The others, either through battle weariness or in obedience to Jacca's signal, held off. Their heads lowered, their haunches ready to hurl them onward for the finishing attack. That action, and the slower deliberate approach by Jacca, gave to the duel a peculiar aspect of formality; and this, to Shannon, seemed ordered by the leader, as if he realized that there could be no final escape for him and that he must kill soon before he himself was killed.

IN a joint action that was, in a way, curiously playful, with heads nodding gracefully, Brian and Jacca met and reared, their forefeet reached out. They staggered backward and came down. When, once more, Brian's powerful hindquarters lifted him high, Jacca became wolfish again, and thrust forward under the forefeet, his teeth bared for the slash along the belly. Before the jaws could clench in the fatal grip, Brian twisted his barrel away, his own jaws wide agape, and struck his teeth down through Jacca's mane to the flesh. Brian pushed down hard; then, his haunches straining furiously, he backed away, dragging Jacca after him until the paralyzing pain forced him into a grunting fall. At this, Brian opened his jaws and tapped Jacca lightly on the withers with a forefoot. When Jacca re-



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sponded, and his head came up, Brian struck his skull with both forefeet. So Jaca died.

Seeing this fall, the remaining studs trotted mildly away, each on his separate path, thus divided again after their treaty and their defeat. There were many sireless mares now, beyond the dunes, and they trotted off after them, their wounds showing.

Shannon threw his carbine down and came up to Brian. The stallion bore several wounds. The old one had been reopened. He shuddered violently. Nothing that Shannon could say or do in the way of endearment and caress brought him to ease. He kept glancing fiercely at Jaca.

Shannon led him away from the disturbing blood. He took him around the dune and, not yet capable of examining the wounds, walked him into the subsiding sea. There Shannon ripped off his shirt and washed the wounds, thinking the salt might help until he could get him back to the blacksmith shop.

A patrol appeared between him and the Greek. Two men came on. One turned back, and soon returned, at the gallop, with Ballard following.

YES," said Duane, "they know two studs were killed by him." He held up the latest sheaf of radio messages. "The fact, that four more—"

"Five, sir," said Ballard.

"—the fact that five more are lost in this way will make no difference to their orders."

"What are those orders?" Shannon's question didn't bring the quick relieving answer that he wanted so badly.

Plainly under a new burden of thought, Duane had nerve enough to hold out a little longer. He hinted at the cause of his distress by saying, "What I wished to say—no!—what I must say is this: the fact that five were killed may make some difference to other orders to this establishment."

Shannon saw the point at once. "They'll never learn this from me and"—he glanced at Ballard for a confirming nod—"they'll never learn it from anybody else."

"If that's so—"

"I tell you it is so! Now, what are the orders for the mainland stud?"

"He is to be disposed of, according to the regulations of the establishment."

"Go on, please."

"And the regulations provide only one thing."

"Out with it!"

"He must be sold."

Shannon let out a damn. "How can you sell a stallion that, for all we know, may be a very sick man tonight? He's been bitten in three more places, Duane."

Duane pointed toward a book that lay open before him. "He may not be sold except by public auction. At such an auction no member of this establishment is permitted to bid—a law that applies to all salvage, too, and all treasure trove found on Sable Island."

Shannon laughed. Since this was the first cheerful laughter he had heard for some time, he was a little surprised at its quality. Liking the taste of it, and its agreeable effect on the others—even Duane—he laughed even louder and said, "Call in your yeoman, Captain, and let's run this auction off in real longshore style. Let's see what happens."

Duane nodded. The yeoman came in, his notebook at the ready, and the necessary statements were read aloud by Duane. At the close of it he looked around mildly. "Do I hear any bids for this stallion?"

Shannon answered, "I can take him for two dollars. That's clear enough. But out of respect for him, I'll make it fifty."

"Are there any other bids?"

Shannon put a stop to it. "If anybody else bids, I'll throw the book at him—and I won't miss."

FIVE nights later the supply vessel drew up to the wharves of Lunenburg, where the schooners lay in the slips. Five minutes later, and the town awakening, lamp by lamp, Shannon led Brian up the empty cobblestone streets of the old town. Beyond the hill, beyond the back bay, where the lanes were soft for the bare hoofs, he mounted and steered for the green hills yonder.

"Speaking for myself," he said to the brisk ears, "I enjoy the smell of ripe apples and fresh water on such a morning."

Brian began to dance a little in his pleasure, and he too snuffed up the fragrances of the Nova Scotian autumn.

"Oats in the sheaf for somebody, I suppose," said Shannon, remembering still the boy's letter. "As for me, a cup of tea will do nicely."

Brian nodded gently at this remark. Just the same, he ambled slowly.

"Aren't you barn-crazy at all, Brian? From what I know about your life here, I'd expect you to go."

"Go" was all that Brian required. He trotted into a lane where a meadow opened. On the farther rise of the valley there stood a hedged farmhouse, white and blue in the sunrise. Brian glanced over his shoulder in the warning necessary to a sailor, and trotted down the easy slope. At the bottom he stretched out for the last meadow in such grand style that Shannon shouted with joy. He had to shut his eyes when Brian came up to a wall, but he opened them high in the air and shouted again. At the hedge he dismounted and took off the bridle and saddle.

He looked through the hedge and made out a boy standing at the gate of a small paddock, white-fenced. Not a happy-looking boy at all, he was just standing around, his dark head shining in the sun, his eyes looking about at nothing at all, at the emptiness.

Shannon parted the hedge with his hands and shouted the sentence he had been longing to shout ever since he had read it in the letter handed to him in a black moment.

"Look now, horseman!"

The boy turned, his hands lifting.

Shannon stepped back to slap Brian onward and over. There was no need of that. Brian danced away, took some turf for a run, and sailed over the hedge.

Before the stallion came down, Shannon was into the hedge again, and—not laughing now—he saw Brian leap the paddock fence and go up to the boy at a gentle pace, his beautiful head outstretched to the uplifted hands. ★





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For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"The many pressures and fissures that exist in Russia show that Communism is now in retreat."

gleam of hope—I put it no higher than that—is to be found in the fact that modern tyrants no longer justify themselves on the basis of the superiority of tyranny as a political institution. Repulsive though it may be when contrasted with what they do, I find even the double talk of the dictators somewhat encouraging. They do what they do in the name of democracy, of liberty, and of revolt against imperialism. Hypocrisy is the tribute that vice pays to virtue. Vice does not command itself openly. The modern tyrant is compelled to justify himself by pretending to champion much that he seeks to destroy.

I do not suggest that we should take much comfort from this reflection alone. If the prospects of human liberty had no more solid foundation than this, I agree the outlook would be dark. But those of us in Europe who believe in socialism base our faith on arguments more potent than the hypocritical vocabularies of Communist apologists. We could, of course, solace our souls by the example of the heroic assertion of the human spirit in Hungary and Poland. Like Byron, we might cry:

Yet, Freedom! yet thy banner, torn,
but flying!
Streams like the thunder-storm against
the wind;
Thy trumpet voice, though broken
now, and dying,
The loudest still the tempest leaves
behind...

But these heroic sentiments, inspiring though they may be, are not all we can summon to our aid. I do not believe that the flag of freedom in the modern world unfurls against the wind. The main currents of modern society, when viewed in their entirety, are moving toward the enlargement, and not the contraction, of human liberty.

Contrary to conventional opinion, this truth manifests itself more in the Communist world than in Western society. The strains, the pressures, the fissures that obviously exist in Communist Russia and in her dependencies, all show that communism, or perhaps I should say Stalinism, communism, is in retreat before the developing facts of Communist society itself.

Is this true, and, if so, why? The truth of it can be seen in Poland, for example, where the Russian leaders have been compelled to make momentous surrenders to the spirit of Polish independence. In Russia, we observe a succession of changes in the central leadership. Political assassination has given way to the principle of collective leadership. This may seem a small advance to people who think in short terms, but comparison should not be between Russia and the rest of the world today, but between the democratic world of today and the world of Tudor England—that is to say, the world of the divine right of kings, of aristocratic privilege, of the acceptance of the permanent inferiority of large classes of the community; in short, the attitudes

that were accepted as fixed, absolute and eternal, before the Reformation, with its proud assertion of the rights of the individual conscience.

Russia has not yet had her Reformation. But there are signs that it is beginning. Only the most superficial mind can fail to be ignited by the spectacle unfolding before our eyes. Its significance is profound and pervasive. The most distinctive feature of modern societies is the increasing application of the technical sciences to the arts of living. This has to be accompanied by universal education, not only education for this or that specialized class, as in the Middle Ages. It becomes necessary to mobilize the intelligence and capacity of every member of the community, no matter what class, what creed, what color, what race, what disposition. The inescapable necessity for universal education enfranchises the whole of the people in one great co-operative, if involuntary, activity.

New industry breeds democracy

The basis of tyranny in the past was the comparative unimportance of the disenchanted masses. Slaves could be killed. If you did so, you lost a pair of laborer's hands, and that was all. They could usually be replaced. But an educated slave, a sophisticated slave, a slave trained to make and read blueprints, a slave entrusted with the creation and manipulation of complicated machinery, a slave with administrative responsibilities and with the cultivated aptitudes that go with it—such a slave cannot permanently be denied full participation in the making of the policies that govern his community. Thus the industrialization of which the Communists boast makes political democracy inevitable. Political helotry cannot possibly live for long side by side with industrial, technical and cultural sophistication.

Political democracy and the cherishing of individual human rights constitute the political framework within which modern science flourishes. This is the answer to those who believe that any form of public ownership, whether it be Communist or socialist, is bound to impose limits upon the exercise of human rights. The contrary is the truth. Human enslavement is practicable only in a static society.

It is a curious but illuminating fact that there appears to be less fermentation in Spain and in Portugal than in the Soviet Union, and this for the very good reason that Franco and Salazar are largely indifferent to improving the material conditions of their peoples. In their spirit they belong to a medieval clerical society. They suppress the individual and they

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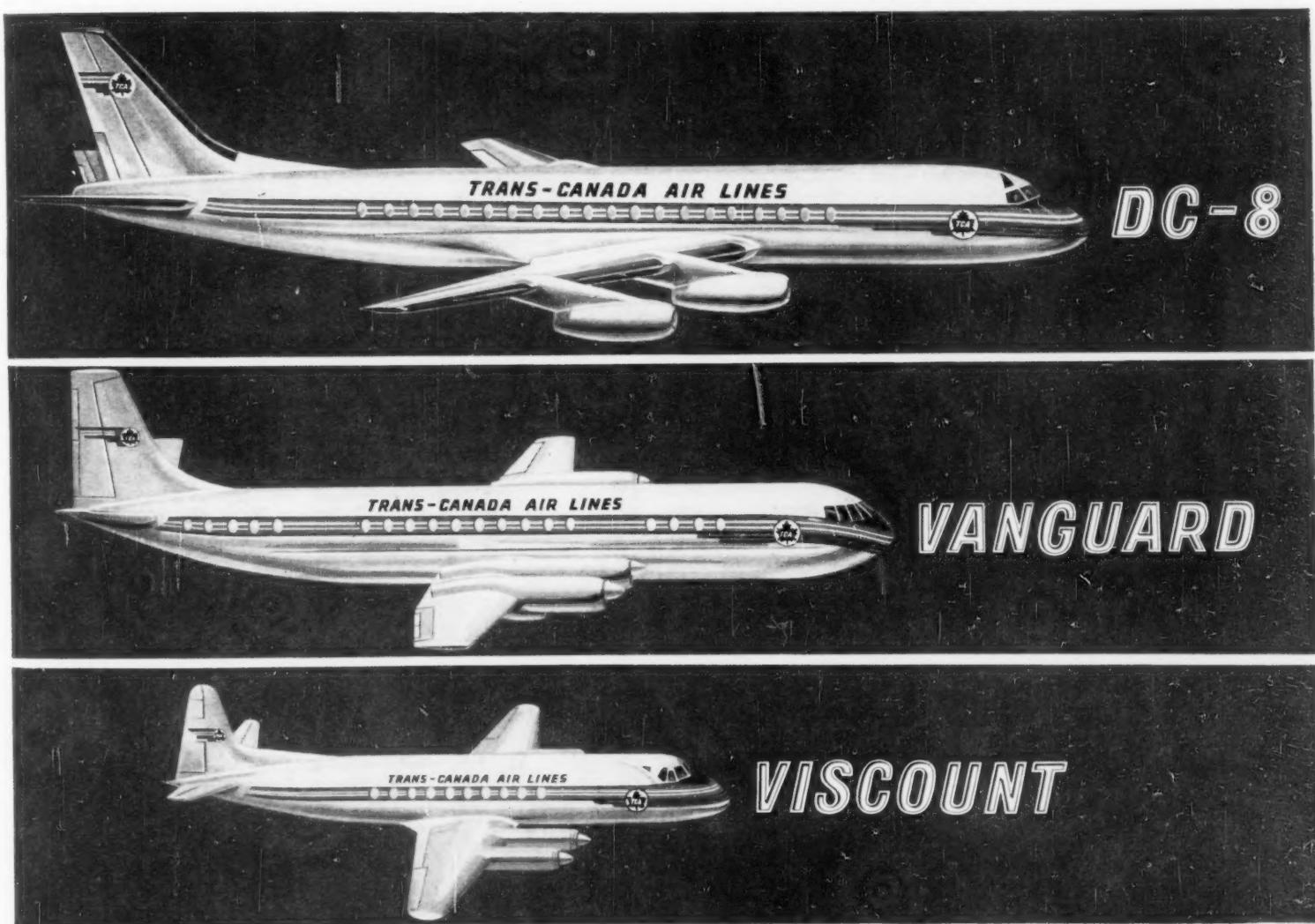
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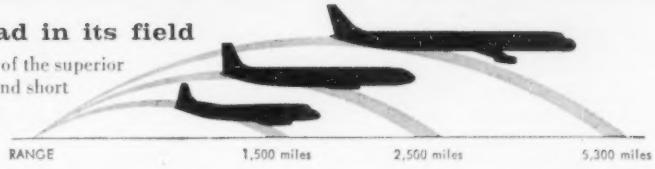
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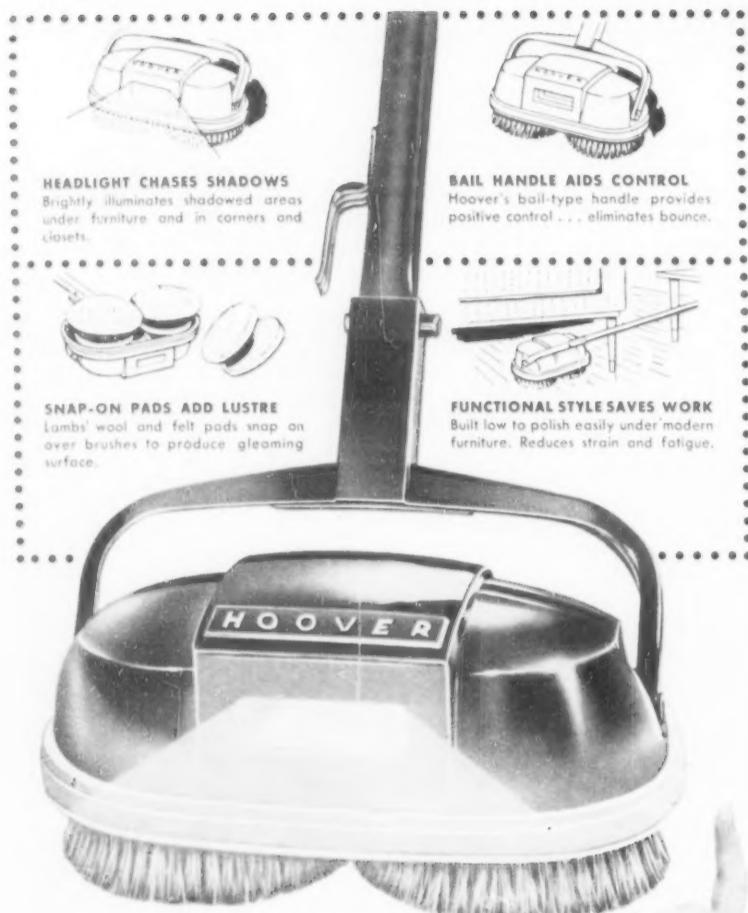


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IT WAXES
IT POLISHES

make the suppression appear to be stable by holding back material advance. They have created what I call "frozen societies." They are caught in a kind of historical suspense. They have a nostalgia for the past which they cannot recapture, and a fear of the future which they dare not enter.

Thus, they compare unfavorably even with the Communist dictatorships, where we perceive tyranny, but at the same time

a persistent pattern of political mutations.

Viewed from this standpoint, there is no justification for taking a pessimistic view of libertarian values in the modern world. On the contrary. All the main influences that are at work making for the material amelioration of the lot of mankind work also, in felicitous co-operation, for the enlargement of the human spirit and the defense of individual liberties. ★

We asked . . .

"Should women drivers be forced to carry identification on cars so that other motorists will be warned?"

They answered . . .



Staff Sgt. Wilf Henrich, traffic expert of Kitchener police force—"I do not believe that cars should be marked to indicate that a woman is driving, because their differences of handling a car reflect the lack of interest on our part to allow them to drive more frequently and become accustomed to the things that they find difficult in once-a-month driving, yet the average male driver might face every day. With due respect to the ladies and their privilege to drive, I must, however, suggest that they do cause more traffic congestion by lack of driving skill or know-how, although they have, I believe, a higher degree of driving knowledge. As a driver of the opposite sex, I know that the ladies get a lot of attention as pedestrians, and I would be at a loss to imagine what would happen (accident-wise) if all our male drivers turned around in their drivers' seats to watch the ladies drive, as they do when they walk."



Kate Aitken, radio and TV commentator and writer—"Definitely women drivers should carry identification on their cars, but not for the purpose you state. Any man driver or indeed any other woman driver following such a car, would immediately feel a sense of security, a sense of relaxation, knowing full well that such a driver, by actual statistics, is more careful, more courteous and more accident-free. By all means identify this woman as a Grade A, No. 1 driver."



Sen. Muriel McQueen Fergusson, prominent Fredericton lawyer and legislator—"In view of the fact statistics prove that women drivers have fewer accidents than men drivers and that women feel women drivers are more competent, patient and courteous than men drivers, it would seem ridiculous to suggest that women should be forced to carry identification on cars so that other motorists will be warned. As men have a higher percentage of accidents it would seem much more sensible and practical to require men drivers to carry such identification."

Have you a light controversial question on which you'd like to hear expert opinion? Send your question along with the names of at least three prominent people who might be considered authorities to What's Your Opinion, Maclean's, 481 University Ave., Toronto. We'll pay \$5 for each question accepted.



He bosses the two sweetest women

continued from page 28

Every holiday brings jitters: if it rains who wants candy?

was crowded with boxes of candy from Denmark, England, Turkey—from wherever candy was exported to Canada. He also collected candy recipes. It wasn't long before he began to make candy, then to sell it.

The O'Connors opened their first shop in September 1913, at a time when Canadians were celebrating the centenary of Laura Secord's famous journey from Queenston through enemy lines to Beaver Dams, to warn a British outpost of an American attack in the war of 1812. A patriotic and sentimental friend of O'Connor's wife suggested the name Laura Secord for the Toronto shop.

The name Laura Secord and the candy quickly caught Toronto's fancy, and after six years O'Connor and Hayes, who had become bookkeeper, then a company director, decided to enter the United States market. This was reversing a trend, for American businessmen after the First World War were beginning to crowd into Canada.

The Canadians felt that what had worked in Canada would work as well in the U.S. They named their first shop in Rochester, N.Y., after a famous American woman, Fanny Farmer, who had been head of a Boston cooking school and whose cook book was a best-seller across the U.S. (The name Laura Secord was no favorite in those parts.) Rapidly they opened other stores through the eastern and north-central states, until the American chain far outran the Canadian Laura Secord. (There are seven hundred employees at Laura Secord, more than two thousand at Fanny Farmer.)

Since 1938, when O'Connor sold the last of his shares on the Toronto stock market, just a year before his death, the energetic Hayes has been the boss of two of the world's largest candy businesses and, coincidentally, one of the most precarious businesses in the world. For there are few things more uncertain than selling candy.

Executives of Laura Secord and Fanny Farmer, including Hayes, for example, get more and more jittery as Christmas approaches. It's their big season, and a miscalculation in one week can throw the whole year's balance sheet out of kilter. Hayes' big lantern jaw takes on a firm set and his furry eyebrows tighten as he listens to weather forecasts. If it's a bright day, people buy candy; if it rains or snows, they're lukewarm about buying. Easter, Mother's Day, Valentine's Day and other festivals on which candy markets rely to boost sales are similarly nerve-wracking.

But Hayes doesn't sit beside a telephone and bite his fingernails waiting for the good or bad news. He is constantly on the go across Canada and the U.S. On a recent trip, accompanied by Mrs. Hayes, a short dark-haired woman with energy and good humor to match her husband's, he headed for Winnipeg. There he visited two stores on the main street, Portage Avenue, attended a party for staff and left the same night for Minneapolis. He repeated the schedule there, visiting stores and greeting staff at another party. Then he swung back east through Milwaukee, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, Windsor and London, with inspections, receptions and parties at every stop.

He visited ailing employees in hospital and gossiped with oldtimers at their

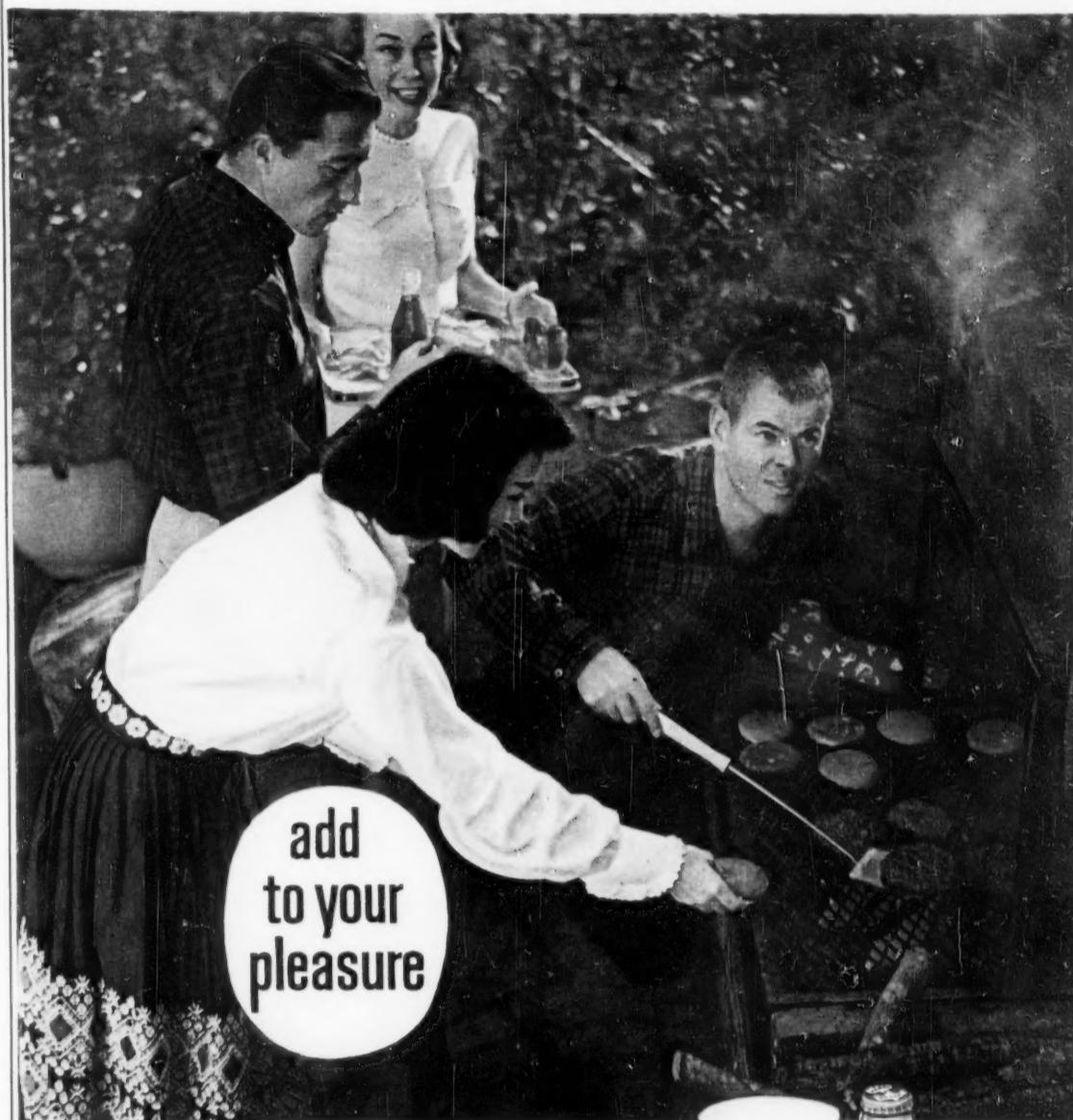
jobs. Often he has personally paid an employee's hospital bill or helped finance a home for a worker he felt was deserving. His ideas on business ethics have the ring of old platitudes, but in Hayes' case they've become more than lip service

as he acts on them constantly. "It's my experience," he says, "that you can conduct a business based on equality, integrity and respect and be successful."

Hayes tries to base his whole business on a personal relationship between man-

agement and workers. Supervisors visit each store in Canada and the U.S. once a day to check on supplies, but otherwise the individual store managers do their own banking, bookkeeping and look after their own inventories, without question.

Such an honor system has worked well, Hayes says, but he admits it isn't foolproof. Once when a large sum of cash was missing from a store he personally called in the two salesgirls and a handyman who worked there. One of them was probably responsible, he suggested.



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*A detailed print of this authentic coat of arms, suitable for framing and without advertising, is available on request. Write William Grant & Sons Ltd., 206-208 West George Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

One would suspect the other and their personal relations would become unbearable. Next day the handyman came to Hayes' office with the stolen money. He continued to work with the company until he retired. In another case a salesgirl was discovered peddling dope after hours. Hayes was not so forgiving—he fired her.

While Hayes' indefatigable business regimen and happy-family ways have helped build the business, it's the candy that pulls in the customers. The two factories in Toronto and Montreal that supply Laura Secord last year produced four and a quarter million pounds of candy of 119 varieties. Hayes and his cooks in Canada permit no substitutes. In a year they use seventy-five tons of first-grade creamery butter bought in one-pound packages. Fresh lemons, oranges, pineapples, cherries and other fruits provide the flavor for centres and twenty-four-percent cream gives the filling its richness.

Whipping up huge quantities of "old-fashioned, home-made" candies requires more than a 19th-century maid stirring batter in a mixing bowl. At the four-story Laura Secord factory in Toronto, as in all ten factories of the two companies, mass-production machinery is used.

Candymaker Harry Goldman mixes a hundred-pound batch of candy in big steam vats in five minutes. When he started work for Laura Secord in 1916 it took an hour over a gas flame. One of his machines mixes 250 pounds of marshmallow at a time, another thrusts cooked candy into small starch molds, row by row, automatically. He once squeezed it by hand through a funnel, one candy at a time.

Nearby a machine roasts bushels of nuts while another cooks them in cocoanut butter. The nuts arrive in bulging sacks from Brazil, Bolivia, Mexico, Texas, Italy and the Middle East: walnuts, peanuts, cashews, pecans, almonds and pignolias.

In the third-floor "chocolate room," filled with delicious mint aroma, three big vats bubble with three varieties of chocolate—bitter sweet, vanilla and milk—and a fourth with mint. Nearby a conveyor belt carries centres over a screen of chocolate to coat them on the bottom, then under a chocolate waterfall, called an "enrober," to coat the sides and top.

But some of the operations still smack of early days. In the bon-bon room, white-haired May McNamara and her sister Frances sit at a counter dipping soft-cream centres into steaming copper kettles exactly as they did thirty-five years ago. To produce chocolates with cherry centres they dip the cherries in a creamy fruit-juice mixture, then hand-dip them swiftly into hot chocolate. Acid from the fresh cherry turns the creamy mix into a cordial that trickles out on the candy eater's tongue.

The chocolates, bon-bons, caramels and wafers are still put into boxes by hand. Two rows of girls place them into the boxes as they move along a conveyor belt. By this time they've been given some personality. Laurette, a high favorite, is a chocolate-coated butter cream. Dundee is cocoanut cream and Gloria a butter cream with assorted nuts. Southern is a milk-chocolate-coated candy with a toasted cocoanut centre; Goldie is a creamy caramel and Duchess a chocolate-nut caramel.

Another old-fashioned touch that hasn't changed is the visit of the boss to chat with employees about their problems. The factory workers are often startled to see Jack Hayes walk quickly, without assistance, between the machines

and candy-laden tables that he can't see. Many employees have known him most of their adult lives as they started with Laura Secord within a few years of its founding. Candymaker Roy Warren started on opening day. Going into the store for his mother, he was hired by Frank O'Connor for a dollar a week and "all the candy he could eat." Fifteen-year-old Roy was sick for a week, then got busy delivering chocolates on his bicycle.

The first "factory" was an apartment above the store. Candymaker Louis Coombs and Jack Hayes' brother Jim mixed candy on a big marble slab in the living room, one man at each end with a spade, working a fifty-pound batch at a time. They cooked and cooled the candy in the kitchen. Hayes and O'Connor did their bookkeeping on the kitchen table. Sugar was four cents a pound, butter fifteen cents, chocolate nine cents and a gallon of the best cream cost seventy-five cents.

Jim Hayes molded the centres in the pantry, then they were shipped down to the basement where Rose Pardoe dipped them in chocolate. A fan, blowing air down a crude pipe, cooled the chocolate. When Miss Pardoe wasn't busy dipping she nipped upstairs to help Mr. and Mrs. O'Connor and saleslady Dollie McGowan sell candy.

"It wasn't long before chauffeur-driven cars from Toronto's best homes were pulling up in front of the store for chocolates," Roy Warren recalls.

"Pray for my venture"

An incident occurred the first day of business that to O'Connor, a devout Catholic, seemed a miraculous omen. Two nuns of the Sisters of the Precious Blood called in for alms.

"I gave them what I could," O'Connor later related, "and asked them to pray for my venture. They did and my business began to prosper." The sisters' chance visit later was worth much more to their order. O'Connor contributed heavily to it during his lifetime and left the sisters \$200,000 in his will.

O'Connor, with Hayes' help, soon opened a second store in downtown Toronto and the day before Christmas, 1914, the stores sold ten tons of candy worth \$10,000. Employees worked all night to make the candy, then sat down to a turkey breakfast. A third shop was opened in Hamilton the following year; others followed in Montreal, Hamilton and Ottawa.

The first factory went into operation in 1916 on Toronto's Princess Street, but within a year a new one was built on Bathurst Street. O'Connor insisted on calling it a "studio," which raised a laugh among his employees, but the name stuck and today no one ever calls it anything but studio. The first Montreal "studio" was opened in 1917. Quebecers now eat half of all the candy Laura Secord makes.

Profits from Laura Secord and Fanny Farmer chains pyramid through the Twenties and Thirties, making O'Connor rich and influential. He became a close friend of Premier Mitchell Hepburn and some newspapers called him the man who really ran Ontario. In 1935 Prime Minister King appointed him to the Senate. After that he found time to build up prize-winning herds on his three-million-dollar Maryvale estate on the outskirts of Toronto.

O'Connor had one business frustration. All his life he wanted to add ice cream to Laura Secord products. Hayes and others opposed him. On one trip to the U.S., O'Connor got brooding about it.

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Dad's comfort comes first . . . give him gentler, smoother, faster shaves, right from the start, with the new Philishave Speedshaver. It's the greatest shaver yet . . . the fastest shaver yet! Philishave's natural rotary action gently smooths away the toughest beard, clean and close . . . cool and comfortable. Only Philishave has the unique skin-smoothing rim that sets up each whisker as it glides over

your face—then with a continuous sweep of power spins whiskers off at the skin-line . . . any way they grow . . . without irritation! It protects the tender zone under the chin. Make shaving a soft touch for Dad on Father's Day and every day . . . give him the new, quick and quiet, natural rotary action Philishave Speedshaver.

Remember June 16 is Father's Day



A large, close-up black and white photograph of a smiling man with dark hair and a white shirt. He is holding the Philishave Speedshaver in his hands, showing it to the camera. In the background, there is a smaller illustration of a woman and a child, and a separate illustration of the shaver in its open case.

for men of action
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grabbed the telephone and told the Toronto office to "get that ice cream in the store before I get back, or else!" When he returned and found no ice cream, O'Connor gave up.

In mid-Depression when the candy business was tottering, Hayes went against O'Connor's wishes again by cutting the price of chocolates from eighty cents a pound to sixty cents, or two pounds for a dollar. Sales went up immediately and production costs were reduced.

When O'Connor died in 1939, his can-

dy had sold so well he left an estate worth six and a half millions. In addition, he had given an estimated three million to charity, chiefly to Catholic institutions.

When O'Connor abdicated Hayes was left in charge of both candy companies. For seventeen years he commuted between Rochester, N.Y., and Toronto, spending half his time with Fanny Farmer and the other half with Laura Secord. "I led a double life with those two women," he says. His chauffeur drove him on the 200-mile round trip from one ren-

dezvous to the other, often with his wife along to read him financial reports, newspapers, travel books and biographies.

At one time, just before the Second World War, Hayes thought of opening a chain of candy shops in England. With his daughter Mary, who was then his secretary, he went there to look at possibilities, but could not work up any enthusiasm about doing business overseas. It was a fortunate decision, for war brought the precarious candy business face to face with another crisis; sugar was hard to get. Laura Secord sold only

half-pound boxes to the public, restricting pound and two-pound boxes to shipments overseas.

While O'Connor and Hayes built their business on the names of two historically famous women, Hayes has not been content to stay entirely old-fashioned. The austere, bonneted Laura Secord who appeared on shops and candy boxes two years ago has been replaced by a younger-looking, sweet-faced girl who, if not glamorous, certainly has more oomph. Plain, black-and-white boxes now appear in colors, and store interiors are being re-decorated in blues, browns and grays.

"I realized the world was changing," says Hayes wistfully. "Once all the Fords were black too."

The change in Laura's appearance revived old rumors about the original picture. For years in Ontario a story had circulated that the Laura Secord on the candy shops wasn't Laura Secord at all, but Sir George Ross, Liberal premier of Ontario from 1899 to 1905. The artist commissioned to paint the picture had not satisfied government critics, the story went, so he simply put a bonnet on it and sold it to the candy company.

Untrue, says Hayes, although he admits the joke did the company no harm. Laura's likeness was taken from an old woodcut.

Laura Secord has gone modern in other ways. The company put a curvaceous line of long-limbed, high-stepping majorettes in last year's Grey Cup parade and passed out "cheese-cake" (bare leg) pictures to the press. Such publicity would have been unthinkable for Laura a few years ago, says Frank Chamberlain, the company's public-relations man. Most of its promotion efforts are of the homey sort. This Easter it set up as a goodwill project an Easter-egg treasure hunt for children in twenty cities across Canada, conducted by the YMCA and YWCA. Hundreds of chocolate eggs were given to the children finding the largest number of metal tokens hidden in parks.

Hayes himself continues to look at most of life with good humor and to keep active. The first sign of any let-up in his pace came two years ago when a slight heart attack put him on a hospital cot for a day. Hayes turned the presidency of Fanny Farmer over to Frank Burke, a Toronto man whom he had brought up through the business, but remained as board chairman and as boss of Laura Secord. He visits Rochester now once a month.

Despite his doctor's warnings, he also finds the energy to serve as a co-chairman of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, as a director of Toronto's Chartered Trust Company and as a member of half a dozen clubs. And he still frolics once a year, as he has for the past fifteen years, with 250 boys of a Toronto Kiwanis junior club at the "Jack Hayes picnic," a frolic he delights in. Dressed in old trousers, open shirt and a clown's hat, he runs about like one of the gang, handing out ice cream, pop, prizes and Laura Secord candies.

"Sometimes I bump into a few boys," he says, "and they find out I can't see."

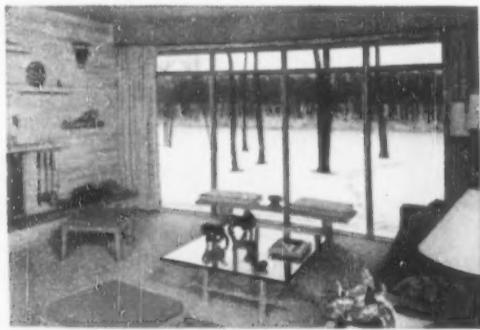
Whenever there's time to spare he likes to poke about the two acres of gardens and trees at his suburban Toronto home and to take a dip in the swimming pool when the weather's good. For the past few years his wife has managed to steer him to Florida for a holiday in the winter.

Even there, however, he is frequently summoned to the phone to listen to the problems of the other two women in his life, who, sweet as they are, can also, he admits, become frightful shrews. ★



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**From Louis S.
St. Laurent**



Continued from page 15

a change but whether the Canadian people want to put that party in office.

You mentioned Parliament in your letter and the suggestion made in some (usually opposition!) quarters that Liberals have lost respect for the wonderful, workable system of government that has come to us as part of our British heritage. Let me assure you that such an allegation, political in origin, is untrue. For all the years of your life Liberal Governments have been in office in Ottawa. And in these years the world has watched with admiration and respect the way this country has rolled ahead. Look at what the London Daily Telegraph said a few weeks ago of our country:

"One of the few encouraging developments in the contemporary world is the rise of Canada to the stature of a major power . . . Only Canada, among the new industrial nations who are likely to reach their zenith in the second half of the twentieth century, can be said to stand steadfastly for the religious, social, political and economic beliefs on which Western civilization is based."

I am sure that, in a general way, you know what your Liberal Government stands for. For this I don't have to refer you to any platform or manifesto or theory about money. No, all around you is proof of what Liberals believe in. We are, first of all, frankly fearful of too much government. We want nothing done federally that can be done better at the provincial or local level—or that, best of all, can be left to the individual to work out for himself. We want Canadians to make their own way in their own way.

The principles that guide your Government are those of Liberalism—a political philosophy, I might say, that has always had special appeal for the young and for those who want to stay young.

Liberalism centres on the citizen: to keep him free from oppression by the state or other citizens; to make his well-being a vital concern of government action; and to encourage him to work with his fellow citizens, without prejudice or special privilege, in the wonderful adventure of building Canada.

We believe that our federal policies should enable all parts of Canada to share in the good fortune of our national family.

Today, more Canadians are at work than ever before—producing more, earning more, saving more than ever before. Our future has never been brighter. I don't suggest, of course, that Liberal

policies create prosperity—but they do encourage the sort of conditions that give prosperity its best chance.

We also bring our family approach to shaping social-welfare policy. We believe that there must be some redistribution, through government, of our national income in order to help those who are too young, too sick or too old to help themselves, and to help those who are temporarily out of work.

Unemployment insurance, family allowances, old-age pensions—such measures show you how Liberal policy leads

to Liberal action. And a hospital-insurance program is likely to be implemented soon.

While federal measures for the health and well-being of our citizens cost \$4 million or more each day, is not our way of life more kindly and our economy more stable because we share in this way?

In the election campaign I will make one promise: that my colleagues and I will do our best to be worthy of your ballot. Liberal policy is spelled out in action: for example, in the veterans'

charter and other social measures, the university grants, the Canada Council, the Seaway, the Trans-Canada Highway, the Trans-Canada Pipe Line.

More convincing than words are the one million or more postwar houses built, and the one and one half million new Canadians who, by coming here, have shown how much they like the way things are going in Canada.

Besides our efforts to defend individual freedom and to provide for individual security, we in Government try to develop policies to encourage trade at home



The future in the circle of your arms

YOUR BABY AND YOU . . .

by Ruth Parsons



When your baby is small, his world is not far from your arms. You are the most comforting person in the world to him not only because you are the source of everything he needs, but because you know him so well. You have learned by heart all his little ways, the signs of interest, new maturity and love. You are watching for the person he will be.

There is no doubt that the person he will be depends not only on your devotion, but on sound nutrition now. That's why so many mothers choose from the wide variety of high-quality nutritious foods that Heinz prepares especially for babies. As sure as he is hungry he will love Heinz—the world's most trusted name in foods.

When you open a tin of baby food, there's no need to empty the food into a saucepan to warm it. You'll save washing-up if you set the whole tin into water and heat.

When baby's having two or three different foods at a time you'll find a sectional feeding dish mighty handy. Just spoon the food directly from tin to dish and fill the bottom compartment of the dish with hot water. Baby's food will be just the right temperature in minutes.

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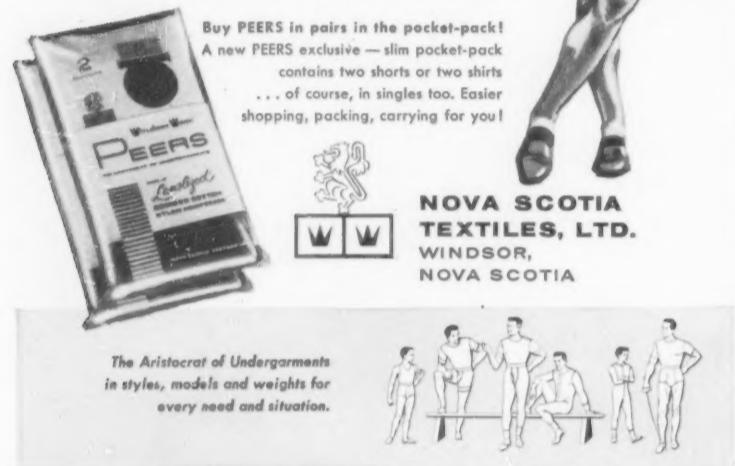
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When you have guests in —serve ice-cold bottles of this low-alcohol light sparkling wine! You've never tasted anything like it.

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and abroad, without forgetting the danger of inflation.

Because world peace is essential to our progress, we have asked Canadians to carry a considerable defense burden and to undertake important tasks, in co-operation with our friends in the Commonwealth countries and in other free nations, to make world war less likely.

I do hope, Mr. and Mrs. Watts, that by your votes you will invite us to work with you in opening even greater opportunity in the years ahead for all Canadians, young and old—and for new Canadians, too. For as I think of Canada's

future, I think of my children and of their children. And I think of all young Canadians like you and your wife, with your treasury of unspent years, as, under a kindly Providence, you move confidently toward the fulfillment of today's plans and dreams.

With my kindest regards to you both,
Yours sincerely,

Louis S. St. Laurent

Louis S. St. Laurent

From John G. Diefenbaker

Continued from page 15



posed to the far left of the Socialists of the CCF, the opportunism of the Liberals, and the far right of the Social Creditors, who seek a controlled society and a controlled economy to impose their monetary theories.

The Conservative Party, as a consequence, is opposed to unnecessary state excursions into the nation's business and industrial life. Such excursions only superimpose bureaucracy upon bureaucracy. Just consider the trend, Mr. Watts—the government in the mining industry, in radio, TV, the movies, commercial aviation, in synthetic-rubber production, and a host of other fields in which it functions either exclusively or in competition with individual initiative. This is the inevitable road to statism.

All this results in a concentration of authority in ministerial hands in Ottawa to the detriment of parliament. It fosters centralization, breeds bureaucracies. The deadening hand of government is everywhere in evidence.

As the appetite for power is fed, so the appetite grows.

These, within the compass of this brief letter to you and to your wife, are some of the reasons why I believe that as young Canadians, looking to the promise of the future, you and Mrs. Watts should support the Conservative Party.

There are many others. The bulk of Canada's trade is with the United States and this country exports its irreplaceable raw materials in vast quantities. We have an enormous deficit in our trade with the U.S. Admittedly the inflow of American investment capital is an offset. But we Conservatives believe this dependency upon the U.S. has gone too far, that Canadian well-being, the Canadian economy, are far too vulnerable to American whims and American reversals.

We hold that lower taxes would make our goods more competitive in Commonwealth and other markets. We believe that Canadians should process more of their own resources in Canada. We believe that American investment in this country is needed and desirable, provided that Canadians retain effective control of our destiny, political, cultural and economic.

I doubt if you and Mrs. Watts, and Canadians generally, realize how devastating was the brute force of the dictatorship which a so-called Liberal government made so apparent during those black and disastrous days for parliament and for Canada.

These are but symptomatic of the trends and the developments to which I have referred.

These are the trends and the sort of developments which a Conservative government would arrest and reverse, because the Conservative Party believes in the supremacy of parliament, not in unchallengeable ministerial rule.

The Conservative Party is the party of the moderate right in Canada, as op-

Hence our conviction that the fiscal arrangements with the provinces should provide adequately for provincial needs.

After all, the strength of Canada, the source of Canada's wealth, and of

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federal budgetary surpluses, rest with the provinces.

Perhaps this will have served to indicate to you some of the real issues of the forthcoming election as I see them. Permit me to conclude in this fashion.

The Conservative Party, and I as its Leader, are dedicated to the ideal of One Canada, governed by national and not divisive policies; a Canada that is a truly free and vigorous democracy, a grand partnership of ten provinces.

For you and for Mrs. Watts, and for all young couples in Canada, there should indeed be a challenging vista of opportunity ahead. I would like you to help me enhance the heritage that is yours, safeguard and enhance the heritage of succeeding generations.

Thank you for writing to me. I am sure you will exercise your franchise thoughtfully and well. As Leader of the Progressive Conservative Party in Canada, I could wish no more than that.

Yours sincerely,

John G. Diefenbaker

**From
M. J. Coldwell**

Continued from page 15



has ever and again burst forth into open flame. This inflation has robbed people like pensioners on fixed incomes of half the purchasing power of their dollar. It has reduced the real value of the federal government's social-security system. As always happens in times of inflation it has enabled a few to profit at the expense of the many.

To counter inflation we require a wide measure of democratic, social planning. Investment of available funds must be channeled into socially desirable projects, such as housing, through a National Investment Board; financial and credit resources must be used to help maintain full employment and to control inflation and deflation. In such an economy there will be an important role for public, private and co-operative enterprise working together in the people's interest.

Above all, the CCF works for the interests of the people. We are fighting to assure agriculture of a fair share of the national income through a parity price program and orderly marketing. The CCF is fighting too for the interests of labor, for a national labor code, for union security, for full employment. The CCF is fighting as well to protect the consumers against the profiteering of monopolies and cartels. We are fighting against one set of rules for the well-to-do and another for lower-income groups.

The CCF believes that our society must have a moral purpose that transcends the drive for private gain and special privilege. We believe that a new relationship of mutual respect and understanding and human brotherhood must be built among people in a world of peace. We believe that poverty and misery and hardship in the midst of plenty must be abolished. We believe that there must be equality of opportunity so that the talents of all may be developed to the full.

That was the underlying conviction of the Regina Manifesto and that was the declaration at our national convention in Winnipeg last fall. We believe that the achievement of these goals is a challenge to young people like you and your wife. I do hope you will join us in a modern crusade to achieve these ends.

I should add that I am enclosing a copy of the CCF Winnipeg Declaration and also a copy of our federal-election program which you may like to read for details I cannot enter into in the scope of this letter.

Regardless of how you choose, let me say how much I have enjoyed these moments discussing some of today's issues with you and your wife.

Yours sincerely,

M. J. Coldwell

Front
Solon E. Low

Continued from page 15



happiness of the individual human beings.

We Social Crediters are convinced that all the ills of which men complain have their origin, sometime, somewhere, in broken law and deserted principle. There has been too much disposition in high places toward expediency when greater wisdom would point to the necessity of standing firmly by principles. If we are to find happiness and peace of mind as individuals, and enjoy the blessings of good government, we must, as a people, get back to obedience to law and fundamental principles without compromise. That is what the Social Credit party proposes to do. We believe that a program of policies based upon the following thirteen principles will offer the Canadian people an honest hope of different and better results from what we are now getting from the government; in other words, they will form an effective and practical alternative.

1. Government should keep out of business—let private enterprise, not social enterprise, prevail.
2. Every person shall be free to manage his life; free to speak, to assemble, to work, to worship, to choose, to live, provided only that he or she allow all others that same privilege.
3. The people's elected representatives in Parliament shall be supreme within the sphere of their jurisdiction as a means of ensuring that the people can get the results they want from the management of their affairs.
4. Every Canadian shall be afforded the opportunity to obtain a fair and just share of Canada's national production.
5. Government by the people themselves at the "grass roots" level shall be made more and more possible, and actual, by decentralizing administration and by spreading the truth about things as they really are.
6. Canadians will be encouraged by every means to produce in Canada more and more of their vital needs of shelter, clothing and food, as well as the tools to make them; and in so doing, shall, by the use of Canada's credit, be sheltered from unfair foreign-trade practices such as dumping and the like.
7. Canada's natural resources shall be developed in Canada for Canadians of today; and shall be husbanded and preserved for Canadians of tomorrow.
8. Full and free access to the courts will be guaranteed to all including the "little people" as well, regardless of financial cost, by providing not only crown "prosecuting" attorneys but also crown "protecting" attorneys.
9. What is physically possible and desirable shall be made financially possible.
10. It shall be recognized positively that every people on earth shall have the right of self-determination and every nation shall have the right of unimpaired sovereignty provided, only, that in exercising its own self-determination or sovereignty such people or nation shall not interfere with the same rights of other peoples or nations.
11. Man's right to think and act independently does not transcend his obligation to law.

12. The means to even a desirable end are never justified where fundamental principles are compromised, or where truth is ignored, or where human liberties are set aside.
13. Only by recognizing our dependence upon the help of God and by humbly seeking to know His will can we possibly find our way through the perplexities that beset us, and into a state of peace and happiness at home and throughout the world. That set of principles is the foundation upon which the Social Credit pro-

gram is built. We Social Crediters pledge ourselves to stand firmly on them and not to compromise them. It has been because of strict conformity with those principles that the Social Credit provincial administrations in Alberta and British Columbia have achieved remarkable results for their people, a few only of which follow:

(a) They both put a stop to growing government debt and pyramiding interest. This was like lifting a millstone from people's necks.

(b) Both have reduced the burden of

taxation, while at the same time increasing services. In nearly twenty-two years of continuous administration, Social Credit in Alberta has abolished three taxes, has not imposed a single new tax, and has not increased the rate of any old taxes.

- (c) Both Social Credit governments have recently provided, out of funds recovered from the development of their resources, dividends to help their citizens to pay the municipal taxes on their homes. With dividends out West and increasing taxes down East, it is

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easy to see why so many people are turning to Social Credit. Young people would do well to bear these things in mind as they set out to find a political home.

- (d) Both provinces provide hospital coverage for all their people at low rates. Both provide free treatment for cancer patients, free medical care for pensioners, free care for polio patients. Alberta for many years has provided free maternity hospitalization for all expectant mothers of the province.
- (e) Both Social Credit administrations have adopted resources-development policies which are the envy of all

other provinces of Canada. These policies have brought the people large revenues for increased services, debt retirement, and tax reduction.

Social Credit promotes unity through understanding and prosperity. You will find a satisfying outlet for your political activities amongst the finest young people in the world in Social Credit.

Sincerely yours,

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53
THE WORLD OVER



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company now defunct. For its premiere, producer of CJBC Views the Shows placed critic Cohen by critic Lister Sinclair. Sinclair had a lovely time. "The play," he began, "is a simple atrocious."

Cohen has since developed a theory that his stint as a drama critic has largely killed his talent for creative writing. When he was an undergraduate at Mount Allison University in his native Maritimes he wrote twenty-eight stories and only three of them—all thrillers.

Sinclair, in turn, has developed a theory about Cohen, whom he considers an unreliable critic as well as a bad playwright. "Essentially," Sinclair suggested recently, "Nathan doesn't really like the theatre."

Cohen maintains he likes theatre all right; what he dislikes is bad theatre. He's renowned for leaving the theatre after the first act of any play that seriously dismays him and he has now entirely given up reviewing amateur productions as being unworthy of professional criticism and altogether "too painful."

Until he made this decision he was averaging three plays a week fifty weeks of the year. His schedule as a spectator is much slacker now, but he makes thrifty multiple use of the entertainments he does see: he reviews them on radio, in a new weekly column for the Toronto Telegram, and in occasional essays for scholarly journals. However, with one thing and another, he was heard to complain morosely, not long ago, "How can I be a critic when there's nothing worth criticizing?"

Cohen has taken out insurance against this bleak situation in the form of his two other jobs. He has been script editor in the CBC-TV drama department for about twenty months. The job requires him to turn up some thirty-nine one-hour plays per season from about 150 entries. It also requires him to compromise his own high standards somewhat. Not long ago he made an appointment with a would-be playwright. "This," he thundered, lofting a bulky manuscript, "is the worst play I've ever read." Then he spent two and a half hours telling the playwright how it would be possible to salvage it for television.

Cohen's most noteworthy alumnus is Arthur Hailey, the businessman-turned-writer who hit pay dirt with his first three TV plays. Cohen helped him to polish all three and Hailey has now instructed his agent that the CBC drama department is to get first crack at anything he writes. "It just wouldn't occur to me to submit a play in the U.S. until it had been through the mill there," he observed recently. "The work they—and particularly Cohen—put in on it is a free and very valuable service."

Another playwright whose work Cohen has bought is Cohen. His *The Turning Point*, a frail comedy-drama with an O. Henry twist, was produced last year on General Motors Theatre. Some of his colleagues thought this transaction improper; they continue to consider it awkward that playwrights should have to peddle their wares to the same man who elsewhere tells them their wares are worthless. Cohen sees no difficulty since he denies he's the same man. "I'm two people," he says reasonably.

In his third manifestation Cohen has been chairman of Fighting Words for five seasons. The program is aired on some twenty TV stations across Canada and broadcast over the Dominion network, and it draws more mail than the popular Tabloid. In the course of the show controversial quotations are lobbed at four assorted panelists for un-

rehearsed discussion. Fighting Words is the one arena that Cohen righteously forebears to enter; this is in spite of such tempting challenges as those of a Festival Foundation governor to debate some of Cohen's own joyless comments on Stratford. But Cohen's abilities as a referee can be indicated by one feat: the premise "all punishment creates mischief" was recently up for debate; one panelist was Dr. William Blatz, a child psychologist who dotes on his own subject and tends to cite his findings lavishly. The topic obviously offered a multitude

of openings but Cohen's blocking was so smooth that Blatz didn't get to mention children once.

His standards for the show are as snobbish as his standards for Canadian theatre. After a lively session on trading stamps a few weeks ago Cohen's comment was: "Not one of our most intellectual shows." Then, with some disdain: "But probably one of our more popular ones."

Fighting Words has been scratched from the CBC-TV schedule three times since its start (and reinstated each time

through strong audience protest); the show had another narrow squeak recently. This time it wasn't the planners who wanted to yank it; it was Cohen. On a working trip abroad last summer Cohen filmed a couple of Fighting Words with U.K. combatants like Aneurin Bevan and Gilbert Harding. Impressed by the high calibre of British discord, Cohen discontentedly eyed his program back in Canada. Last January, at the close of a show on which a minister and three newspapermen argued the merits of Baby Doll, a controversially sleazy new

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film, Cohen collared his producers. "This stinks," he said flatly.

Eleven hours of dogged argument later, the producers had talked Cohen into going on with the show, provided what he called "prestige values" were re-injected. As Cohen puts it now, "We'd slid into the easy habit of looking for built-in popular arguments instead of good people." The producers are now making sure they regularly corral panelists like Sir Alan Herbert, the English humorist, Sir Robert Watson-Watt, the Scottish inventor of radar, and Timothy Geohagen, the Irish doctor of philosophy. Geohagen is perhaps better known as a wrestler.

Cohen is not humble, but occasionally the wonder of it all catches up with him. On his English trip he narrowly missed bagging Lady Astor for a Fighting Words panel. Afterward Cohen let himself daydream in front of a friend. "Imagine it," he said in some awe: "a Jew from Cape Breton talking to Lady Astor."

Normally Cohen talks of his childhood with the objectivity proper to an intellectual. "I had a strong mother attachment," he reports, "and I was always in trouble with my father since we had the same temperament — stubborn and dogmatic." Cohen grew up in a steelworkers' suburb of Sydney, N.S. He was the second youngest of four children; his parents were Polish Jews. His father ran a grocery patronized by steelworkers and grieved because he had to stay open on the Jewish Sabbath.

He also grieved because Cohen went to movies on Saturday, skipped school to go to movies and devoured movie magazines. He bought his son the Books of Knowledge but little Natie wouldn't touch them till he was good and ready. Cohen is now a book addict and his idea of a holiday is to hole up for a week in the Hotel Lasalle, in Montreal, and read thirty books.

In due course Cohen was graduated in arts from Mount Allison University and had embarked on a law degree at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, when a general physical breakdown sent him home. Alan

Savage, a close friend in Toronto, said recently, "Listen to him talk; he's still a frustrated solicitor."

Back in Nova Scotia and filled with youthful ideals about the nobility of the workingman, young Cohen took a job as the one-man staff of the Glace Bay Gazette. The Gazette had been an unique experiment: a daily newspaper financed by a trade union, the United Mine Workers of America. But Cohen soon found the paper was in an irreversible decline and headed for Ontario again. He applied for a job at the Toronto Globe and Mail. Since the Globe and Mail didn't want him and since it turned out that Tim Buck, leader of the Labor Progressive Party, did, Cohen joined the staff of the Canadian Tribune, the EPP party organ. Buck had heard of Cohen's work on the Glace Bay Gazette. After a few months it was suggested that Cohen, as a Tribune staffer, would be making a graceful gesture if he joined the Communist Party. He did.

No politics for the critic

It then turned out that party membership involved assignments to harangue crowds in Queen's Park. Cohen uttered a snort of incredulous laughter and got right back out of the party again. He is frank about this antic interlude, and now studiously avoids any political controversy or comment. His latter-day ideals are concerned solely with the nobility of the intellectual.

After the Tribune, Cohen free-lanced precariously for various Jewish publications in Toronto. One day he met Gloria Brontman, a shy, comely, brown-haired music historian. In June 1947, he became a husband and a professional drama critic almost simultaneously. The Cohens now have two small daughters: Susan, 8, and Phyllis, 6.

Even after Cohen started reviewing regularly on radio his income remained meagre. He reduced it still further between 1950 and 1953 by sinking two thousand dollars into seventeen issues of a high-minded little journal christened The Critic and devoted to reviewing art.

music, drama, the dance, opera, films and radio. It was an expansion of the mimeographed copies of his reviews that Cohen had earlier caused to be distributed to friends and colleagues. He wrote much of it himself and advertised that he published it as "a private service." He gave up serving privately when he realized it was bankrupting him.

Cohen's in the higher brackets now, though. Not long ago he totted up his take for one year as drama critic, TV panelist and script editor. It totaled about \$10,500. Shaken by this discovery, he wandered into the office of a colleague at the CBC. "I'm corrupted," he announced fearfully.

He remains, however, incorrigible. A few weeks ago Scott Young, a Globe and Mail essayist, devoted his column to a fictional interview with an elaborately unnamed "play critic on a forenoon radio show (who) also performs on television." Young presented part of the exchange:

"You were really the only critic in town who didn't like *The Glass Cage*."

"That is true," he said. "You CAN say nice things."

"But don't you think that YOU might be wrong?"

"That is an extremely dull, clumsily contrived papier-mâché question of the type asked only by novitiates and fledglings," he said . . . "Wait a minute. I can use that." He wrote it down.

Young's account concluded: "What of the future?"

"He smiled sadly. 'I will continue to try to bring a measure of sanity to this nation of laughing hyenas,' he said. 'I will never stop ridiculing things that people enjoy. Is that clear?'"

Cohen's friends were, to a man, curious about how he'd take the satire. Cohen, it turned out, was indignant. He was indignant because Gordon Sinclair, a cocky local entertainment critic, had just phoned to say his friends thought Young had meant Sinclair.

"Young should have gone ahead and used my name," snorted Cohen, the critic. "It would have made a much more effective column." ★

Mailbag Has Conacher put the damper on today's hockey hopefuls?

Continued from page 4

Thank you for Me and My Family, by Charlie Conacher . . . I lived next door to the Conachers and remember Roy and Bert playing shinny on the road and Charlie's red setters chasing up the street. Mrs. Conacher I knew best; she was continually at the clothes line and she was a dear, with goodness looking right out of her face . . . As one authority says: "Poverty and riches are of the spirit." By this standard the Conacher family was always wealthy.—MRS. LAURA SMITH, SHALLOW LAKE, ONT.

Conacher has left very few encouraging thoughts for present aspirants of hockey . . . I believe the average fan today admires the game just as much as fans did in the past.—J. S. WYSOCKI, TORONTO.

Right you are, Conacher! Hockey ain't what it used to be.—VIGGO KARGARD, CLUNY, ALTA.

Canada has hovels too!

Blair Fraser's reports from China are interesting if only to show how we have been "gulled." Fraser talks of Chinese

hovels. He should look at the paper shacks of his own country . . . Take a look at the town of Sussex which a year ago had an outbreak of polio. Its sewers discharge 30,000 gallons of sewerage daily into the Kennebecasis River and a swamp.—JOHN K. G. GRAHAM, BELLISLE CREEK, N.B.

Fraser wonders why anyone goes to Siberia and stays. Has he any knowledge of the history of the Canadian west? . . . Fifty years ago homesteaders in Saskatchewan hauled their wheat seventy miles with ox teams . . . Would he suggest that

these people did not come here voluntarily?—D. W. BENTLEY, SWIFT CURRENT.

I really admired Fraser's objective reports from Russia, including the Hungarian episode . . . It was hard to believe that affair was as one-sided as it was reported.—ADOLPH JOHNSON, VIKING, ALTA.

. . . When we have made all provision for aged and handicapped, poor and needy; have cleared slum areas; have a proper health-insurance plan — then and only then is Blair Fraser entitled to criticize foreign countries that try to cope with their problems in their own way.—FRED KISSMAN, EDMONTON.

Canada's own Audubon

The U.S. has Audubon. Canada has Fenwick Lansdowne; all power to his brush. You publish exquisite paintings of bird life (April 13) and then you foul up the whole thing by printing them on succeeding pages! Whazzamatta? Can't you print 'em on one side only, so that folks who want to mount them can?—IRIS D. QUINNEY, PULTENAY POINT LIGHTSTATION, B.C.

Our chart showed how to mount what we thought were the best paintings. ★





The right man in the right job

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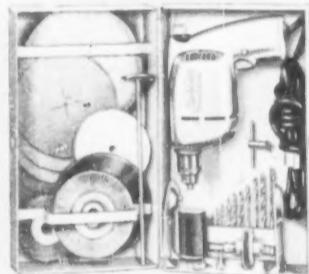
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LOOK FOR THE MARK OF QUALITY

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The shy baroness of brokerage

Continued from page 20



Sir John A. wanted the first Richardson to run for parliament. But Irish James stuck to wheat

and radio stations in Regina, Kenora and Winnipeg.

Where there's a Richardson company there is generally a "first." Foresight is a predominant family trait. Richardsons were the first to ship grain from a Lakehead terminal in 1883, under the grain brokerage's founder, James. They were first, too, to ship it over the Hudson Bay Railway (in 1929) under the fourth president, James Armstrong Richardson. Theirs was the first Canadian grain or investment house to use teletypes; the speed of seventy-five words per minute made this the fastest overland private wire system in North America. Last year, under the current president, Muriel Sprague Richardson, theirs was one of two Canadian firms to launch the overseas teleprinter, an improvement on cable communication.

Where there's a Richardson company there is also Richardson dignity.

"The thing that most worries the family about the size of its organization," says an employee, "is not how much money it's making but whether everybody in every out-of-the-way office is upholding the Richardson good name."

Their advertising is ultra-conservative and they'd be happier if they didn't have to advertise at all. This distaste for publicity dates back to the first James Richardson, a tall wiry bewhiskered Irishman who rarely advertised or even talked to the press. In 1857 Kingston's first major grain exporter got his name in the papers once; in a list of guests attending a champagne breakfast for a native son, John A. Macdonald. Later John A. often urged him to run for parliament but he wouldn't hear of it.

Today one employee handles all Richardson advertising and public relations. He issues perhaps six terse press releases a year. Each word of advertising is double checked for overstatement. The grain company's rare advertisements are mostly confined to the slogan: "Active in all phases of the Canadian grain trade." The investment firm never "pushes" a stock; it simply says, "We shall be glad to be of service"

"We did very little advertising before World War II," says president Muriel Richardson. "The investment firm now advertises as much as its competitors, but the times have forced us into it."

Nowhere are the family traits more evident than in Mrs. Richardson, a tall handsome white-haired woman of sixty-seven. Although a member of the family only by marriage (to the late James Armstrong Richardson), she has the Richardson dignity, Empire Loyalist background, business instinct and desire for anonymity.

She has never granted a newspaper interview. She last released a photograph for publication in 1948. Winnipeg newspapers have given up asking for her biography for their files. This year for the first time she is letting her name go into Who's Who in Canada—but she still feels "there's altogether too much invasion of privacy nowadays."

Yet she is completely unpretentious. As head of the mighty house of Richardson she might be expected to indulge in chauffeur-driven limousines, Dior gowns or diamond chokers. Instead she wears smart but unspectacular dresses in dark shades, generally with a single strand of pearls, and often drives her own 1955 Cadillac or 1953 DeSoto.

"She's a good driver," says a friend. "Very calm, obeys all the traffic laws, but she doesn't dally."

Her calm rarely wavers under any circumstances. During the 1950 flood, when the Assiniboine River surrounded her Winnipeg home, Mrs. Richardson matter-of-factly donned rubber boots for a daily boat trip across Wellington Crescent to her car. Finally, reluctantly, she moved out during the flood peak.

All of these qualities tend to awe her junior employees and other Winnipeggers who don't know her well. Many of the former see her only at the company Christmas party, where she shakes hands all round at the door, stays for dinner, then withdraws. Since her sons, James, thirty-five, and George, thirty-two, assumed vice-presidencies a few years ago, she appears infrequently at her tenth-floor office in the Winnipeg Grain Exchange building. But when she's there she observes every detail, down to misspellings of the grain company name (it's "James," not "Jas.", and "Limited," not "Ltd."). She listens to business discussions with enormous patience, then often sums up everything in a few words.

"She never forces an opinion on you," says a former member of the advisory



MACLEAN'S

head of the Winnipeg Foundation, a charitable organization of which Mrs. Richardson is chairman. "But you know that she knows when you're talking through your hat!"

"She's not easy to work for," adds an employee, "but she's good to work for."

Most of her senior employees have served her eighteen years, and her husband before that, and keep photographs of both on their office walls. Some staff send flowers on her birthday.

"She's been like a mother to me," says a girl employee. William Rait, the blunt-tongued president of the Richardsons' Pioneer Grain subsidiary, says, "Mrs. Richardson is as good an administrator as any man in Winnipeg."

She is also a thoughtful hostess. Early this year the Canadian Players group had a two-night stand in Winnipeg. Mrs. Richardson scheduled an after-the-show party in their honor for Friday, changed it to Thursday on a few hours' notice for their convenience, and hand-picked guests that would interest them: a newspaper editor, a college professor, drama enthusiasts.

Well after midnight but urbane as ever, she presided over cocktails (which she doesn't drink) and hot food in her big blue-and-grey drawing room.

"She didn't have to do it," points out one of the guests. "She simply felt some Winnipegger ought to."

Her thoughtfulness extends beyond the social set. In New York last February where she and her youngest daughter, Kathleen, attended My Fair Lady, a garrulous taxi driver told Mrs. Richardson he collected stamps but was short of Canadian issues.

"If we knew where to send them we might find some for you," said Mrs. Richardson.

The cabbie gave her a crumpled paper bearing his name, address and the notation "Stamps." A few weeks later he received a packet of stamps from Winnipeg. It came anonymously. "We don't tell everyone what we are doing but we get things done," says Mrs. Richardson.

The first James Richardson would have applauded that statement. Though orphaned soon after his father brought him to Kingston, he was a self-made man at thirty-seven with a modest clothing business. He was married to Susannah Wartman, a descendant of Captain Michael Grass, founder of Kingston.

The Richardsons might still be clothiers if Kingston hadn't needed a new customs house. To get it built, Richardson and two others stood as guarantors. When the contractor ran out of money, Richardson was stuck with a half-finished customs house. It cost him seventeen hundred pounds sterling to finish it, and he did it single-handed.

Like most merchants at that time he'd often accepted farm produce in lieu of cash. Now, to recoup his loss, he bought and sold grain full time. The American Civil War helped his market. Soon he had farmer-agents throughout the Bay of Quinte, wooden storehouses spotted along Lake Ontario, and grain (mostly barley) hustling to New York harbors in tiny schooners known as "Richardson's Mosquito Fleet."

He was too restless to settle for one business. He owned a flour store, base metal mines and was shareholder in woolen, cotton, oilcloth and locomotive factories. But grain was his first love. By 1880 he had a grain agent in Manitoba. Then he built a Kingston elevator with steam-engine loading and unloading facilities. By 1883 he was shipping prairie grain from Fort William; in 1890 he turned to prairie wheat full time.

The founder died in 1892 but his wiry,

hard-driving son George was a match for him. George Richardson opened a Winnipeg office, started a small prairie elevator chain, bought a cannery. He died of a heart attack at fifty-four.

His brother Henry became president. With his white mane and flowing mustache Henry looked like a yacht club commodore, which he was. He was president or director of seven non-Richardson ventures and co-founder of the Great Lakes Transportation Company.

In short, he was a true Richardson—except that he was talkative. He was

made a senator in 1916, but the Senate worked too slow for him. He was contemplating resignation when he died in 1918.

Long before then his nephews, James Armstrong Richardson and George Taylor Richardson, had joined the company. Both were Methodist Sunday school teachers and Queen's University athletes. George played in the 1906 Stanley Cup final, went to war in 1914 and two years later, an infantry captain, was mortally wounded while guiding a raiding party out of No Man's Land. He was post-

humously awarded the Legion of Honor.

When Senator Henry Richardson died, James, a blunt, friendly, impulsive six-footer, became president and perhaps the greatest Richardson of them all. By that time he had met Muriel Sprague, daughter of a Belleville, Ont., exporter—and now president of the firm. Miss Sprague, an accomplished pianist, was one of several volunteers helping James Richardson's sister, Agnes, nurse and entertain wounded soldiers at the Richardson summer-place-turned-rest-home in the Rideau Lakes district. They married in 1919.

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and settled permanently in Winnipeg.

From then until 1939 were the empire-building years. They were years when the west was all railways and grain elevators, and many of the elevators were "Pioneer." In 1912 there had been twenty-nine Richardson elevators; by 1924 there were a hundred and forty-four.

These were the early years of radio, and most prairie farmers tuned in (as many still do) to Richardson noon-day market broadcasts. They were years when Richardson aircraft dined west and north as far as Aklavit, and Richardson investment houses in prairie cities catered to farmers and small business men, as they still do.

Richardson himself was a giant of his time. His company, one of the two or three biggest in the North American grain trade, shipped prairie wheat to Africa, Asia, Australia, South America and thirty-six countries in Europe.

Everything interested Richardson. A Fort Vermilion, Alta., hospital needed cash; Richardson sent five hundred dollars. Queen's University needed a stadium;

Richardson gave one in memory of his brother George. He grubstaked prospectors, bought a Winnipeg central heating company and helped finance Herbert Kalmus in the experiments with color film.

Beginning in 1927 he invested a quarter-million dollars in radio. He intended only to transmit inter-office market information. Then he began broadcasting music and news after the markets closed. Eventually he founded commercial stations in Moose Jaw (later transferred to Regina) and Winnipeg, had two short-wave transmitters, owned shares in CJGX Yorkton, Sask., and owned CJRE Kenora.

Richardson was one of the first to recognize aviation as the answer to faster northern mining development. In 1926 he founded Western Canada Airways. By 1929 he had thirty-seven aircraft photographing, surveying, timber cruising, crop dusting and prospecting out of seven northern bases. That year one trip alone justified his efforts: Gilbert LaBine, flying low near Great Bear Lake with Richardson pilot C. H. "Punch" Dickins,



Founder James Richardson saw a fortune in prairie grain.



Burly James A. hammered out the family's biggest gains.

Rare photos of the rich and wary Richardsons



Great-grandsons of the firm's founder, James, 35 (left), and his brother George, 32, are VPs. They run the firm for their mother.



Current president, widow Muriel S. (centre), rarely attends office.

sighted pitchblende showings and later staked what are now the Eldorado uranium mines.

The cream of Canada's airmen flew to Richardson, including war heroes W.R. "Wop" May and Donald MacLaren. In the late Twenties, Western Canada Airways trained night fliers for the first cross-country air-mail service, and got a federal contract for the run from Winnipeg to Edmonton. In the east, other lines flew mail between Toronto and the Maritimes.

In 1930 the eastern lines, grouped into the Aviation Corporation, and Western Canada Airways merged as Canadian Airways, with Richardson as president and majority shareholder. The CNR and CPR also held stock but Richardson controlled the nearest thing to coast-to-coast air-mail service.

On the strength of four-year government mail contracts he invested heavily in radio-equipped mail planes, hangars, landing strips, and leased offices. But in 1931 and 1932 the Bennett government canceled all contracts as an economy measure.

Canadian Airways never fully recovered from the blow, although Richardson rounded out his air-to-ground bush exploration fleet by purchasing Patricia Transportation. He lost more than two million dollars from his own pocket on aviation. But Richardson men or data were used by most subsequent Canadian airlines.

During those years Muriel Richardson served on everything from the Children's Hospital Board to the Girl Guides Association, raised four children through measles and whooping cough and, although a director of the grain company, paid slight attention to business. The Richardsons lived in a three-story (now two-story) white mansion with a thickly treed estate, a heated swimming pool and, in the Thirties, a pet formally named Tim Buck but commonly known as Cat. Cat, an incurable ham, was one of the better-known Richardsons. He lived seventeen years, was written up in newspapers three times and smugly entertained the family's guests by deftly dipping milk from saucer to mouth with his paw.

There were often guests at the big house. In August 1929, Mrs. Richardson hurried from the family's summer place at Kenora to prepare for house guest Winston Churchill, then on a Canadian speaking tour.

"I was told he'd be difficult," Mrs. Richardson recalls. "But he was charming."

On the night of his lecture, Churchill came upon the Richardsons' small daughter, Agnes (now wife of William Benedictson, MP for Kenora-Rainy River), in the hall.

"I'm going to hear your speech," she said.

"But how will you stay awake?" cried Churchill, in mock dismay. Then, in the now-famous Churchillian rumble, "Now, Agnes, here is what I shall do. I shall WATCH you as I speak. And if I see you NOD I shall stop my speech and shout 'AGNES RICHARDSON, WAKE UP!'"

Deeply impressed, Agnes sat straight as a poker all evening.

In spite of her social chores Mrs. Richardson learned more of her husband's work than most wives do. She was his sounding board for new ideas.

"Everything I know about the business I learned from listening to him," she says. "One would have had to be stupid not to learn."

In June 1939, James Richardson died of a heart attack at fifty-three. George Ferguson of the Winnipeg Free Press



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wrote, ". . . the absence of his leadership is now the problem that faces us all."

No one was more aware of that problem than his widow. She assumed his duties, as he had wished. Her husband's cousin, the late John B. Richardson, became vice-president. But for months her heart wasn't in her job.

Then one September morning a Winnipeg grain trader, riding to the Grain Exchange building with Richardson archivist Alice MacKay, remarked, "Well, your place will be running down, now. The engine's gone."

"When I heard about that, I knew what I had to do," Mrs. Richardson says.

She plunged into work, sometimes six days a week. She knew few details and little of the terminology of the grain or investment businesses. She reminded employees that she was only "the bridge between my husband and my sons."

"But we soon realized she had an extraordinary knowledge of the business and the men in it," says an associate. "I know of no woman who could have taken hold as she did."

When possible, she maintained the status quo. Men like Rait of Pioneer Grain Co., secretary-treasurer Gordon Law-

son and investment manager Ralph Baker have been mainstays of the company for thirty or forty years. The family grain business still ranks with the top four private Canadian companies, although all private companies have given ground to the wheat pools. The president's office, a great oblong room with conference table, fireplace and a compelling view down Portage Avenue, is as it was in 1939. The globe on which James Richardson often traced out a popular air route, years before it was flown, stands beside his small desk. His collection of early prairie paintings hangs on the walls.

But the Richardson foresight is still very evident. As postwar Canada boomed so did the family investment business. Eleven new offices have opened since 1939, the latest in Prince George, B.C.

"I would like Jim and George to be free to develop their own fields of interest as their father did," Mrs. Richardson explains. "I still enjoy business when I'm at the office, but many other things interest me, too."

If the sons need advice, they ask for it. But the fourth-generation Richardsons—Jim, pleasant but serious; George, big and enthusiastic like his father—

need little coaching. Both were class leaders at Ravenscourt boys' school in Winnipeg. Each holds several directorates outside the family organization. Both sometimes work at the office until 8 p.m. when other employees have gone. Both are keenly aware of their duties.

Not long ago the Winnipeg Canadian Club gave vocational-school prizes to New Canadians. All club members were asked to attend, but few did.

"But Jim Richardson and his wife were there, sitting quietly at the back of the hall," recalls a club member. "Afterward he stayed around for coffee and sandwiches in the cafeteria."

And the Richardson vision is as strong as ever. Recently, from the Richardson offices, I looked down Portage Avenue with James Richardson over the family property on the northeast corner of Portage and Main. It's perhaps the choicest business site in Canada. The Winnipeg investment office occupies part of it and in 1929 the family planned a modest skyscraper for the corner. The Wall Street crash ended their plans.

"That's one of the big things the family hasn't done," I said.

"Not yet," corrected James Richardson. ★

London Letter

continued from page 10

"Don't keep Barbara Chilcott locked up in Toronto. We need her!"

they would plunge into the river to rescue a drowning man. The audience burst into spontaneous applause, not merely to welcome our visitors but in acknowledgement of their vivid entrance. The play leaped to life but unfortunately it did not live up to that supreme moment. At the end of the long first act it seemed certain that Priestley was to have a triumph. Unhappily, the final second act could never recapture the thrill of that startling arrival of the trio.

Now, as it happened, Sir Laurence Olivier had been reading a play written by an Australian for Australian players, and Sir Laurence decided to present it in London. This was in no sense a considered attempt to prove that he, Olivier, was just as imperially minded as Priestley. Sir Laurence was fascinated by the playwright's study of a rough tough land where the sugar-cane workers come south to Melbourne every summer and squander their money on barmaids and such other pleasantries as present themselves.

Thus by a quirk of fate Olivier's production of the Australian play, *The Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, was presented two nights after Priestley's play. The critics, who had been friendly to *The Glass Cage*, gave rave notices to the Australian play. It was sordid, cruel and pessimistic, but it was a work of art. The critics quite rightly praised it to the skies and the box office was besieged by crowds trying to buy tickets. But it must be remembered that the Australian players had had the advantage of contact with Olivier.

Two days afterward Priestley spoke at the luncheon of the Canadian Women's Club of London. He was the only man present but that did not embarrass him. He had certain things he wanted to say and nothing was going to stop him.

In his talk he harped back to the misunderstanding at the Toronto literary luncheon when he refused to autograph copies of his book. He said the chairman of the luncheon had agreed in advance

that there would not be any autographing and it was annoying when the chairman forgot his own pledge. "However," said Priestley, "the fact that I was unpopular in Toronto made me popular everywhere else in Canada."

All we who are Toronto-born will agree, I am sure, that that is a good joke to which we take no exception. The superiority of Toronto is part of its compelling charm. However, Priestley's speech to the Canadian women in London did not end with mere pleasantries. I am told that there was no humor in his voice when he said that Canada House (in London) did almost nothing to popularize his play or make a great occasion of it.

Are Canadians frustrated?

"As an author," said Priestley, "I was better served by my actors than was the author of the Australian play, but the great warmth of the reception to the other play was because Australia House had publicized the play among the Australian colony in London." Canada House, he said, had fallen down badly by comparison.

There may be something in what Priestley said but as a critic I would venture the opinion that whereas the Australian play rose to a climax in the last act, Priestley's play had run its course some time before the final curtain.

However, at the Canadian women's luncheon Priestley obviously felt that he was among friends—indeed he was—and decided to enlighten them on the cultural conditions of Canadian life today. According to a lady who was present, he started with the safe and unchallengeable truth that Canada is subjected to too much imported American culture. The Canadian wishes to be Canadian but he finds it difficult to express his Canadianism. This makes him feel a little frustrated, and makes many people think he has a chip on his shoulder. The Canadian is cautious.

"To my mind," said Priestley, "the Canadian is a Scot in a cold climate." Then he added these sensible words: "The only way a Canadian can hope to express individual Canadianism is through the arts. The arts are more important to Canada than to an older country. There has been too great a drain of talent from Canada to America and Britain."

I am told that the ladies present were much impressed, and no doubt they will in due course go back to Canada and help to save its soul.

Now let us return to the famous trio of actors who made such an impression upon the London theatre. As a critic of the theatre it seems to me that Barbara Chilcott has the qualities that should bring her fame and fortune in the theatre. She is graceful, sinuous and possessed of a voice that has beautiful lower tones. I would love to see her play *Hedda Gabler* and she could be a superb Lady Macbeth. I have not heard any news of her plans but it will be strange if London lets her go. Priestley's play did not give her brothers a chance to show their full range, and therefore I can make no intelligent comment on their talents other than to say they have immense vitality and a genuine sense of the theatre.

Therefore it is my unhappy duty to declare that in this theatre test match between Australia and Canada the laurels must go to the Aussies. But then the Canadians did not have the assistance of that supreme master of the stage, Sir Laurence Olivier.

As for Priestley, I welcome his robust approach to the theatre and also his real interest in everything Canadian. Like a good Yorkshireman he speaks his mind and damns the consequences. Nothing would please me more than to see his play run for a year, but instinct tells me that is not to be. But as a Londoner let me say that you must not keep Barbara Chilcott locked up in Toronto after her return. Ibsen, Wilde, and even Shakespeare have need of her over here. ★

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"The Three Faces
of Love"



The wonderful world of French-Canadian TV

Continued from page 19

A lifted eyebrow gets a laugh, a look can bring tears, but only true Quebecers understand why

a close relative who would sooner bet against *Les Canadiens* than sell you a wrong bill of goods.

How well CBFT Montreal has attuned its programming to the mood of its viewers was reflected in the Fowler Report, released in late March. The report noted in a special section that "the sentiment of French Canada . . . was virtually unanimous in its commendation . . . of the general programming of the CBC in the French language." Ratings of its six or seven *téléromans* (as the weekly serials such as *Les Plouffes* are known) are so stratospheric that it can virtually be said that everyone in Quebec is watching them. Many other shows as well, including panel shows, educational programs and others considered hardly worth watching on U.S. or other networks, find a surprisingly wide audience.

Music Hall, a variety program with vivacious Michelle Tisseyre as mistress of ceremonies, puts up such a fine mixture of native corn and foreign spice that for a paltry thirteen thousand dollars per show it has captured three times the audience the expensive Ed Sullivan Show has in Montreal, where language is no problem and where Sullivan once held undisputed sway come Sunday night.

"What CBFT shows offer their patrons is hard to explain," says Bernard Dubé, TV critic for the Montreal Gazette, "but it makes one regret that *les pauvres Anglais* do not understand French the way so many Québécois understand English."

Whether just understanding French would admit one to the pleasures of French-Canadian TV is hard to say. Much of this pleasure depends upon knowing Quebec politics, the traditional respect for parents, the mild contempt of Quebecers for their own who "go *Americain*," the amusement at the Puritanism of English network audiences, the fierce sentiment for hockey heroes, and so on. Such background can put hilarity in an eyebrow lift, or unbearable pathos in a look that to outsiders means nothing.

Monday is a typical TV evening during the Quebec winter. Entertainment really starts at eight when a panorama of the snow-clad, sombre Laurentian hills appears on the screen. Over this there presently drifts like smoke a haunting theme (from Glazounov's ballet, *The Seasons*) and a voice like a church organ announces that another episode of *Les Belles Histoires des Pays d'en Haut* (Beautiful Stories of the Up Country) is about to unfold.

In this installment of this popular *téléroman* we go as usual to the village of Ste. Adèle at the turn of the century to learn what new inhumanity is being concocted by that beak-nosed monster of a land agent, Séraphin Poudrier (Jean-Pierre Masson). We find the young miser being upbraided by his aged father (Hector Charland) for his avarice. Séraphin however is in gay mood, for he is about to go down and make advances to the beautiful village postmistress, Donalda Lalage (Andrée Champagne).

A villager enters, tells Séraphin he has TB and needs money to go to the sanatorium in Montreal. Séraphin forgets

Donaldalda, starts haggling with the poor sick wreck, finally contracts for the man's thirteen-year-old son to work off the debt (at eight dollars per month). Hardly has the consumptive stumbled out than Séraphin gleefully tells his father he will pack the boy off that very night to a lumber camp thirty miles away, thus avoiding feeding him and getting maybe three times as much money out of the lazy lout as the contract called for.

As the program ends with the scared boy starting the long lonely walk through the woods at night and Séraphin eyeing the lovely Donaldalda like a snake, a wave of loathing for the miser sweeps across Quebec. Its intensity is only matched by the deep-rooted conviction that this is how life is, a boy should suffer for his father. But oh, that devil, Séraphin!

This mood lasts only till the next program—possibly the worst program on any network anywhere—hits their ears with a belt of laughter, and master of

Brutal truth

Aggressive or supinely passive, All wrestlers are impressive, massive. Though obviously far far tougher Than you and I, they always suffer With moving and dramatic skill, And while each gamely strives to kill His murderous and hated rival, How oddly frequent is survival.

P. J. BLACKWELL

ceremonies Denis Drouin announces that *Le Rigolade* (Fun Time) is here again.

The curtains part to reveal four jittery married couples, a table loaded with cameras that take and develop pictures in one minute, and one sexy-looking blonde. Emcee Drouin interviews the contestants, elicits the fact that one couple has been married ten years and has one child, another has been married ten years but has eleven children. He makes a risqué joke about this, half in English slang, and before anyone can say more, explains the purpose of the contest: the wives are to take pictures of their husbands being embraced by the blonde. The picture judged most loving wins for the wife who took it a twenty-four-inch TV set. The second prize is a portable bar, with hand-tooled leather stools to match.

The contest proceeds, and the huge studio audience (at the CBC's transformed college auditorium in suburban Ville St. Laurent) is amazed that the moustache-looking wife is the one who demands the closest co-operation from her uneasy husband and the blonde. Drouin finds this a good chance for more quips, some of which would curl the hair of an English audience. The audience roars.

This contest ends and another begins in which wives lower their husbands on pulleys toward plates full of strawberries and then over to plates of cream. The object: to move all the strawberries from

one date to another—with their teeth. Dorian's beautiful blond assistant, Elsie Bedard, checks her watch, announces there is time for yet another wonderful contest! The curtains part again to reveal two fully clothed men sitting in tubs. They are to scrub themselves till judged clean. The catch: the water contains a substance that turns black when it foams. An immaculately dressed assistant producer gets dragged into the tub by mistake. The audience is howling with delight and there are prizes galore still to be distributed, when nine o'clock mercifully comes.

Porte Ouverte (The Open Door) is next and what pleasure just to watch and listen to piquant Colette Bonheur (the Shirley Harmer of Quebec) sing, the dancers go through their routines and the co-master of ceremonies, comedian Gilles Pellerin, tell jokes! What they say is not important—it is so good after that last show.

The evening continues with a filmed American drama, with a French-language sound track very clumsily dubbed in; Reportage, a factual coverage of some Montreal activity; a lively session of *Les Idées en Marche* (Ideas on the March), the Quebec Citizens' Forum. It ends with news, sports and a half-hour *Télécopier*, a filmed detective drama from France.

This schedule, without anything quite as low as *Le Rigolade*, is fairly typical of any winter night except Thursday. Thursday at ten is what the network considers the high point of its week, though a majority of viewers would undoubtedly vote either for Saturday at nine (hockey), Wednesday at 8:30 (*Les Phouffes*) or Sunday at 9:30 (Popular Theatre). On alternate Thursdays CBFT presents its biggest costliest shows—the top drama series, *Téléthéâtre*; and *L'Heure du Concert*, the showcase of the musical, vocal and dancing talents that Quebec most admires. The latter show is carried simultaneously on the English network as *The Concert Hour*.

Téléthéâtre is an excellent example of what can result when TV imposes its insatiable demands on a small, rigidly moral society like Quebec. Entertainment in the past season, for example, has included superb presentations of the story of a bad priest (Graham Greene's *The Power and the Glory*), a spicy eighteenth-century comedy, the adventures of a scheming doctor, a version of Shaw's rollicking *Chocolate Soldier*, a pre-Shakespearean Hamlet, and a story of the bitter death of a French-Canadian farmer amid his children who hate him.

Some of the presentations are not very daring, even by Toronto standards, but they represent an enormous advance in Quebec. This advance stems from September 1952 when CBFT went on the air two days before CBLT Toronto. The producers knew that Toronto planned to fill part of its air time with material from the U.S., Britain and other sources, but doubted that they could obtain similar material from French-speaking countries: France, Luxembourg and Belgium.

Except for a few detective stories, old feature films and the odd variety show, European aid has been almost nil. CBFT had to rely on its native talent for almost everything—thus the high percentage of locally produced shows. The ferocious demand for more and more material also brought out new writers, and stories once considered too daring for Quebec audiences. Cautious experiments were made, the CBC ready to leap back to the safety of musical interludes if necessary. But only a few powers protested, and the executives

relaxed when thousands applauded.

The CBC therefore made it known that it was open for suggestions, and that few works would be rejected because of subject matter.

Top weekly budgets of twenty thousand dollars to thirty thousand plus are now available for *Téléthéâtre*, roughly the same budget as *Folio*, its closest Toronto counterpart. Any time length is also available. Claude's nativity play, *L'Annonce Fait à Marie* (Announcement Made to Mary) took two and a half hours to perform at Christmas; it

could have had twice that, if necessary. The last play in the series was *Florence*, the story of a young Montreal stenographer (played by Monique Miller, Quebec's TV Actress of the Year) infatuated with her playboy boss (international film star Paul Dupuis). "A powerful work!" said Paul Coucke, of La Patrie, and audience polls agreed.

Audience ratings are just as important in Quebec as anywhere. Based on the Elliott-Haynes practice of phoning four hundred or more French-Canadian TV set owners during a half-hour show,

they give ratings in percentage of people actually watching TV when called. By this method, plus fan mail as well, a *téléroman* like *14, Rue de Galais* (14 Galais Street) was put off the air, presumably because the sight of petit bourgeoisie of today acting naturally was more than a bourgeois audience could stomach. But a brash, loud ex-Quebecer named "Harry S. McCarty, damngood A-1 Américain" (played by Miville Couture) who sits in front of a sign labeled "Eisen-no-where" and tells how he made millions selling dud machine guns to the



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The stars of French-Canada's TV (key to photograph on pages 18-19)

1, Marjolaine Hébert, who plays Bedette in serial *The Outlander*. 2, Singer Yoland Guérard, of *Singing Stars*. 3, Singer Dominique Michel, of *Small Cafés*. 4, Comic Paul Berval. 5, Fernand Séguin, emcee of *What's My Line?* and the science show, *Joy of Knowing*. 6, Actress Nathalie Naubert, of *Television Theatre*. 7, Emcee Michele Tisseyre, of interview show *Rendezvous with Michele*, and *Music Hall*. 8, Actress Gaétane Laniel,

as Pinocchio. 9, Actress Charlotte Boisjoly, of *Television Theatre*. 10, Comedian Paule Bayard, as the penguin on children's show, *Kimo*. 11, Orchestra leader Roland Leduc, of *Concert Hour*. 12, Pierre Theriault, *Monsieur Surprise* of children's show, *Surprise Box*. 13, Dancer Corinne Saint-Denis, of *Concert Hour*. 14, Actor Jean-Pierre Masson, *Séraphin in Beautiful Stories of the Up Country*. 15, Actor Jean Duceppe, Stan

Labrie in *The Plouffes*. 16, Actress Ginette Létondal, of *Television Theatre*. 17, Actress Amanda Alarie, *Mama in The Plouffes*. 18, Singer Colette Bonheur, of *Open Door*. 19, Louis de Santis, of *Surprise Box*. 20, Actor Guy Provost, *Father Alexandre in The Plouffes*. 21, Actress Andrée Champagne, *Donalda in Stories of the Up Country*. 22, Comic Gilles Pellerin, of *Open Door*. 23, Actor René Caron, *Groschilliers* in serial *Radisson*.

Chinese, is called back again and again to *Music Hall*.

And even *Les Plouffes* take notice when *Maman*, sending Ovide off to Toronto, hands him a rosary and says, "You'll need this there, among all those Protestants!" Polls indicate that though this may be true, it is considered to be in bad taste.

One of the most controversial issues on Quebec TV is its children's shows. Critics have raved over shows like *L'Ile aux Trésors* (a non-Stevenson Treasure Island), *La Boîte à Surprises* (Surprise Box), *Fon Fon*, *Tic Tac Toe* and others. But many mothers think they are so well produced that they are over the heads of children.

"I love to watch them myself," admits Solange Chaput-Rolland, co-editor of the critical magazine, *Points de Vue*, "but unfortunately my own children switch to the English children's programs, which are simpler."

No such criticism attends CBFT's adolescent drama show *Beau Temps, Mauvais Temps* (Good Times, Bad Times). On the contrary, much of this is more naïve than necessary, as if CBFT has not made up its mind that there is a teen-age problem. At the other extreme is a Friday night show called *Profils d'Adolescents*, run in co-operation with the School for Parents. This one is often so adult in approach to teen-age problems that parents would rather their children saw an Elvis Presley movie instead.

CBFT's attitude to women is that they should be in the home, working, not watching TV all day. To point this up, only one afternoon per week (Wednesday) is devoted to the affairs of women, and that only from 2:30 on. To soothe them however another program that Quebec women have come to love is put on at 9 p.m. the same night, presumably when the kids are safely in bed. This is the spectacle known as *Lutte*, or Wrestling. Nowhere are mat villains greeted with louder boos, handsome heroes more roundly cheered, and every new antic more appreciated than by the intensely feminine women of La Belle Province de Québec.

Women are the chief audience for another immensely popular weekly seri-

al called *Le Survant* (Germaine Guévrion's book which appeared in English as *The Outlander*). This, like *Les Belles Histoires*, is a turn-of-the-century story, but unlike the former's morbid undertones *Le Survant* is the strangely sweet account of a handsome rogue (Jean Coutu) who appears one day in a little village near Sorel, and sets about righting its glaring wrongs.

To Canadians who look upon Quebec as church-ridden, the action on this show would come as a shock. For the main enemy of *Le Survant* in his Robin Hood style deeds is not the local sheriff but the local priest. In the three years the serial has been running, the two have never seen eye to eye, especially since *Survant* keeps muttering, "Oh, never mind!" in English, and flinging bits of Balzac or Voltaire in the other's face. But one recent episode ended with the astonishing spectacle of the priest gnashing his teeth in the tradition of all true villains and hissing, "Either he goes—or I go!"

Big money for les écrivains

There is nothing like the Quebec *téléromans* on English TV. Since they tap a common heritage of tradition, they need pay only scant attention to drama, suspense or smash endings. Often the only way you can tell an episode is over is by looking at the clock. Only one of them, *Quatuor*, by distinguished poet Robert Choquette, tells a complete story in four installments; the others go on endlessly. Another, *Cap aux Sorciers*, about the modern-day fisher folk along Quebec's North Shore, makes use of such English actors as Eleanor Stewart and occasionally folk singer Alan Mills. A new one, *Le Colombier*, dealing with the odd guests who visit the inn of this name near Montreal, has Stratford stars Jean Gascon and Guy Hoffman at the head of its cast, and may one day rival *Les Plouffes*.

Each of these *téléromans* is written by one author, who gets an average of six hundred dollars per week for each episode. Roger Lemelin gets a reported eleven hundred dollars for *Les Plouffes*, because it is shown in English as well, and all the actors who portray

his main characters get five hundred dollars for the two performances.

But the fact that these are all one-author shows is important for a reason other than indicating that there are fewer starving poets in Quebec, thanks to TV. Each spring, with thirty-nine episodes behind them, these authors feel fatigue creeping on, and consequently a situation unheard of in English TV arises: though their ratings may be sky-high and their sponsors love them deliriously, the word goes out that one or all of these shows will not return come fall. Usually, however, with big money beckoning, they soak up enough energy in the thirteen-week layoff to return to the grind.

Though sponsors have big money to spend, the CBC does not—at least not in terms of the huge roster of shows it must produce. One of the inevitable results of this is the panel show, of which there are at least a dozen on CBFT each week, many copied from Toronto shows. The best of these are Press Conference, which differs from its English counterpart in choosing not only front-page headliners but all sorts of people from L'Abbé Pierre to actor Jean-Louis Baraillet to argue with; and *Point de Mire* (literally, Point Aimed At) on Sunday night, where pundit René Levesque explores the sordid intricacies of shrim clearance, Canadian lotteries or U.S. policy in Suez. CBC officials hold their breath till the redoubtable René is finished.

Gripes against Montreal's production and management range, as in Toronto, from charges that producers demand bribes for good parts, to the cry that a clique gets all the work. The first has never been substantiated in any way. The second is probably true, but when audiences clamor for the magnificent clowning of Guy Hoffman, or ratings leap whenever Jean Duceppe or Marjolaine Hébert appear, there is little the CBC can do but use this "clique" often.

Of the nine-hundred-odd members of the powerful Union des Artistes, probably not more than half earn a living in TV. This makes for hardship and some bitterness, because, unlike radio parts which are broadcast mainly at night or taped for day broadcast, TV

requires time for day rehearsals. Few bread-and-butter jobs offer such time.

Possibly a hundred and fifty or so union members make a good living out of TV combined with radio. Half a dozen, including Roger Lemelin, Napoleon Plouffe (Emile Genest in real life, who has two sports programs as well), and oddly, some musicians may go as high as fifty thousand dollars or more. Twenty or thirty likely will make from twenty thousand to forty thousand dollars among them the following: Guy Prokost, Colette Bonheur, Jean-Louis Rook, Pierre Valcour (Guillaume, of *Les Plouffes*), Denise Pelletier, Ginette Léonard, Gilles Pellerin, Monique Miller, Paul Berval, Paul Dupuis, Paul Guérinmont and Guy Hoffman.

In the latter group, only part of the money in many cases would come from the CBC directly. But such is the enormous prestige of being a *vedette* in Quebec TV that all sorts of extra gravy goes with it, from promoting beer or auto sales, to opening fashion shows, supermarkets and theatres, writing columns for magazines or even refereeing ladies' wrestling matches. More big money is to be made in Montreal than in France, which is why Claude Dauphin, Fernand Del and other French stars make regular tours of the Montreal scene, while many Quebec stars who could go elsewhere stay home.

But the fierce competition for a living wage among the bit players was seen earlier this year when six of Jean-Louis Barrault's troupe from France decided to stay in Montreal. A near riot was precipitated in the special union meeting called to discuss their entry, and they were refused union cards. Only one remained in Montreal, however, and he will soon be admitted to the union.

The most vivid new personality on Quebec TV is none other than the crusading mayor of Montreal, Jean Drapeau. Ironically, he cannot obtain air time in Montreal, so must go 100 miles to Sherbrooke each Monday night at ten for his often-tempestuous appearance on *Votre Maire Vous Parle* (Your Mayor Speaks to You). Since Sherbrooke is the most powerful station in all Quebec, and its 300,000-watt transmitter is located high atop Mount Orford, many French-speaking residents of adjacent New York and New England are probably as well versed in the intricacies of Montreal's civic affairs as the voters themselves.

One other recommendation of broadcasting investigator Robert Fowler, the closing thought deeming it "advisable to bring television to the French-speaking citizens of Winnipeg."

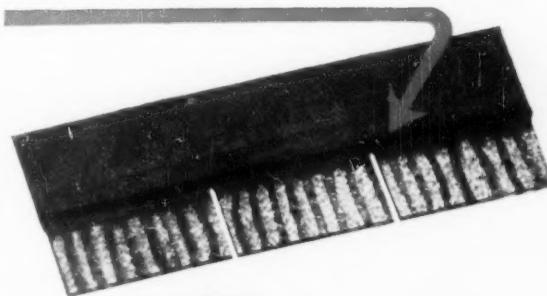
Vancouver (and Toronto) is causing considerable stir among the seventy-odd producers—four of them women—who produce all CBFT shows. The prospect is both intoxicating and stupefying. What a grand thing it would be!—what a work of mercy!—to bring the soft lilt of French to those poor patriots, languishing in far-off prairie and seacoast, with nothing to look at but Ozzie and Harriet, Joan Fairfax, Wayne and Shuster and *ugh!*—*Dragnet*. The only catch is: who would want to leave the wonderful haven of Montreal, with its bistro, broadminded cops and beautiful French girls, for those outlandish places?

It would require a superman, surely. Someone with the fearlessness of *Le Survivant*, the sweet idealism of Mama Plouffe, the childish faith of Pepinot and Capucine, with just a dash of the brash Mr. Harry S. McCarty.

With such a combination to get things moving, the candor and cozy intimacy of Quebec-style TV could well become an all-Canada institution. ★



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Harry Ferguson continued from page 17

Will competitors match Ferguson's mystery car? "There is no answer to Ferguson," says Ferguson

revolution in farming, Henry Ford died. His successors in the Ford Motor Company repudiated the informal agreement he had made to manufacture tractors for Ferguson to sell, and at the same time they introduced a similar tractor of their own. Without a manufacturer Ferguson's sales fell from fifty-nine million dollars in the first half of 1947 to eleven million in the second half.

Nobody thought him capable of pulling out of this hole. But Ferguson set up shop on Ford's doorstep in Dearborn and in the record time of one hundred and sixteen days, while he supplied American customers through an infant company in England, he built the most modern postwar factory in the United States. Eighteen months after the break his sales had jumped back to thirty-three million dollars a year.

As if that wasn't enough he had the unparalleled audacity to sue the Ford empire for a quarter of a billion dollars for conspiring to ruin his business and for infringing his patents. This time even some of his advisers thought he was stretching his capabilities. But five years later the Ford Motor Company agreed to stop manufacturing the tractor and to pay Ferguson nine and one quarter million dollars for royalties on his patents, a paltry figure compared with the advertising value his tractor got out of The Case, as it was known in legal circles. At the end of five years of newsworthy litigation Ferguson was selling more tractors than most of his rivals, including Ford.

In some respects Ferguson, who is developing his new passenger car at Harry Ferguson Research Limited in Coventry, resembles the late Henry Ford, whom he greatly admired and often calls "my spiritual brother." He has the same high forehead and lean face, with alert blue eyes straining through rimless spectacles at a faulty world he considers his duty to change. Like Ford he has a spare body that seems to give off waves of intense vitality that cannot be depleted by age. Ferguson is seventy-two and, like the tractor that made him famous, he's nimble, precise, impeccably neat and virtually indestructible. Although he stands a scant five feet six inches he contrives to look important, in the manner of an exclamation point.

Lately Ferguson has been directing the full force of his energy on his car and incidentally giving the British motor industry the jitters. These have taken the form of flurries on the stock market; elaborate guesswork in popular, technical and financial papers; questions in the House of Commons; reports of "secret" visits by British and foreign military experts to Abbotwood, Ferguson's six-thousand-acre estate near Coventry; the appearance of spies, foreign and domestic, in hedges around the test area; and boasts from certain manufacturers that they are preparing a car that will be "an answer to Ferguson."

To this Ferguson replies with characteristic assurance. "There is no answer to Ferguson," he says. "I do not just think, I know that with all the latest inventions of the Ferguson team, Britain

can lead the world in the design of safe and efficient low-cost cars and trucks of all sizes."

Only fragments of evidence exist to explain these inventions. All Ferguson himself will say is that they embody a revolutionary transmission, suspension and chassis. He once said that he is opposed to front-mounted engines and "not in agreement with the theory that the best place for a car engine is in the rear." A man who refuses to be quoted says positively that the car is an automatic four-wheel drive capable of economic manufacture. Sir Miles Thomas, once head of BOAC and a former director of Harry Ferguson Research Limited, says the car "embodies principles of construction that save a great deal of weight and consequently manufacturing costs." Robert Glenton, motoring correspondent of the Sunday Express, and one of the privileged outsiders who have seen the prototype, has described it as "the most startling car I have ever driven—with no clutch, no gears and smoother and more flexible action than any car I have ever handled."

Real safety is prevention

Ferguson does not object to discussing the basic faults of modern cars and the steps he has taken to correct them. One of the worst, he feels, is bad traction. He defines traction as "adhesion to the ground on all the varied surfaces of road, trail and prairie that confront a world-used car in all conditions of ice, snow, sand and mud." Then he speaks hopefully of "all the public money that can be saved by not sanding roads in winter."

To show what he means by good traction Ferguson recently staged a private demonstration in which a group of ten popular cars were sent up a slight, grassy slope leading to a fairly steep bank. All spun to a standstill on the grass except a small, rear-engined German car which took the grass slope and the bank pulling a small empty trailer. It failed, however, with an extra passenger. The Ferguson car mounted the slope and the bank in a breeze, carrying five passengers and pulling a trailer loaded with five hundredweight of fertilizer and two farm workers.

Safety, Ferguson feels, should be another primary aim of the car of tomorrow. Protective frills added to current models are not good enough. "Surely the correct course is to prevent crashes by sound and safe chassis design," he says.

To illustrate the safety of his car in an emergency braking test Ferguson had ten popular cars approach a tape at exactly fifty miles an hour. As each struck the tape, a dummy man was thrown into the road forty yards from the tape. To the sound of screeching brakes and the smell of burning rubber all struck the dummy before slowing to a stop except the small German car which missed it by a yard. Without noise, smell, wheel locking or slewing, the Ferguson car stopped neatly and quietly eighteen and one half yards clear of the dummy.

Ferguson firmly refuses to speak about

won or how the car will be produced or how much it will cost. "The press does not go poking into the secrets of the aircraft industry and try to tell the world what these secrets are," he says impatiently.

Two recurrent guesses about the car have not been contradicted. One is that it will be demonstrated this year. Another is that the Standard Motor Company of Coventry will show it at the British Motor show in the autumn, and some time later produce it. If this happens E. P. Taylor of Toronto will be next to Ferguson in the driver's seat. Taylor was recently identified as the mystery man who for the past eighteen months has been buying a controlling interest in Standard Motors. Standard Motors makes the Ferguson tractor for Massey-Harris-Ferguson and Taylor also controls this company.

The unexpected love match between Massey-Harris, the Canadian company one hundred and five years old, and Ferguson, with fledgling companies six years old in the United States and England, came as a surprise to the farm-machinery industry. Other companies, knowing Ferguson to be a most desirable match ("No man in the history of farm machinery has made so much in so short a time," said one Massey-Harris executive), had courted him and been firmly repulsed. But in the summer of 1953 James Duncan, then chairman of Massey-Harris, now chairman of the Ontario Hydro, called on Ferguson in Coventry to discuss a subcontract for a semi-idle Massey-Harris plant in Manchester. Duncan was amazed when Ferguson suggested a merger.

"We were instantly attracted to each other," says Ferguson, adding that "the meeting led to a discussion of whether we might get together to produce farm machinery at lower cost."

Ferguson believes that most of the world's ills can be cured by lowering costs and prices. His beliefs are laid down in three allied doctrines that he constantly propagates: The Ferguson Plan for the Abolition of Poverty, The Ferguson Price-Reducing Crusade and the Ferguson Education Plan.

Applied to farm machinery, the first of these plans advocates reducing the cost of essential foods by eliminating the horse, which consumes the produce of five and one quarter acres in a year, and mechanizing farms. The second says, in effect: make it possible for a farmer to afford machinery by using efficient mass production to reduce prices. The Education Plan aims to teach the farmer, particularly in backward countries, how to produce the wealth to buy more of everything.

While not necessarily agreeing with these beliefs, Duncan could hardly fail to recognize their sales appeal.

"Ferguson is the most fantastic salesman I have ever seen," says Duncan. "He could sell you the birds off the trees. He believes in his ideals so intensely that he makes you feel you are doing yourself, your country and the whole human race an injustice if you don't buy a Ferguson tractor."

Ferguson has been called the world's greatest salesman. He has also been called the archpriest of propagandists, the outstanding showman of his generation, and an agrarian messiah who has learned how to make brotherly love pay off.

But brotherly love comes before dividends. "I don't work for money. I do it for my country and mankind," Ferguson says. His contempt for money caused Duncan and Col. W. E. Phillips of Massey-Harris a moment of concern after they had drawn the main outlines of their

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merger but had still to close a million-dollar gap between Ferguson's asking price and Massey-Harris's offer.

One afternoon during this final hiatus they were driving to a tractor demonstration when Ferguson took from his pocket a two-and-sixpenny coin. "Gentlemen," he said. "I should not like to hold up our talks for a mere million dollars. Why don't we toss for it?" Duncan and Phillips exchanged nervous glances and felt their palms begin to sweat. "I always lose when I gamble," encouraged Ferguson. "But I'm willing to have another go." Forced to accept the challenge the Canadians tensed, then a moment later exhaled sighs of relief. Ferguson had lost. As a consolation prize they gave him a silver cigar box with the million-dollar coin mounted in the lid.

The tractor that led to this wager is, Duncan says, "the world's most imitated product." He also says that the hydraulic system of leverage that unites the tractor and implement and makes them unique is "one of the brightest ideas in the automotive industry." Because of it Henry Ford I said Ferguson was "a genius whose name will go down in history with that of Alexander Graham Bell, the Wright brothers and Thomas Edison."

Ferguson says he invented the tractor-plow combination for the same reason he invented his car—because it was needed. Tractors in 1935, like cars today, were becoming heavier and more expensive, less economical and more dangerous to operate. They were relying on gadgets and sales talk to cover basic failures in design. By joining with Massey-Harris in 1933, Ferguson hoped not only to sell more tractors but to be free of business responsibilities, particularly in the United States, so he would have time to do for cars what he had done for tractors and in similar fields of inquiry: traction, hydraulics, safety, weight and economy.

The marriage was short and stormy. Under its terms Ferguson became chairman and was to have final authority over Ferguson equipment. Duncan, the administrative head, took the title of president. The two disagreed on costing procedures and on engineering changes to Ferguson equipment. At the end of a year Ferguson resigned and sold his shares, worth fifteen million dollars, to E. P. Taylor, a transaction that strengthens the belief that Taylor will be behind the manufacture of the car.

Massey-Harris people are baffled by the Ferguson organization, whose branches in England, the U.S., France, Germany, India and Australia were inherited by the Canadian company when Ferguson resigned. It is more like a religious order than a business, with everybody still following in the master's footsteps even though he has gone. Called gray liners (because Ferguson equipment is gray), the Ferguson people tend to speak of Ferguson in the past tense and are fond of recalling the days when everybody shared in the profits, everybody believed in the doctrine and Ferguson treated them all, from managing director to office boy, like wayward sons. He told them what to think, what to wear and how to wear it, what to eat, when and how much, how to organize their lives and how to do their jobs.

"We weren't employees, we were converts," said one Ferguson man. "Joining the Ferguson organization was like joining the church with Mr. Ferguson's doctrine obligatory reading."

When Ferguson was around there was a reason for everything and a motto to go with it. Everybody knew the most important motto by heart: "Beauty in engineering is that which exactly fulfills its purpose and has no superfluous parts."

The others were guides to help converts toward Ferguson's concept of beautiful living. Executives were to wear sober lounge suits with discreet ties properly knotted and the correct amount of white handkerchief showing at the breast pocket. Sports jackets and flannels were banned because they looked unbusinesslike. To men who wore them Ferguson said simply, "Go home, sir. You are improperly dressed." Double-breasted suits were discouraged because they were uncomfortable when done up and untidy when undone. It was obligatory to carry in the left-hand jacket pocket a small notebook where each day's ideas and program could be entered with a pencil kept in the right-hand vest pocket. (This disposition was decreed because both can be removed in one economical gesture.) Duties were done and ideas pursued they were crossed off and torn out. "Keep faith and keep time and anybody will lend you money," was the accompanying motto. To check the presence of the time- and faith-keeping equipment Ferguson used to stop employees in the hall and ask them to take a note.

Ferguson himself often whips out his notebook at a dinner party and sometimes when beset by a baffling problem he sets his alarm for two a.m. for a session of jotting down ideas.

Even the junk was tidy

Under him, order and cleanliness were a fetish. In the design office draughting boards were dressed off against a straight line and desks had to be clear of rubbish. Even the junk pile had to be tidy. Draughtsmen with dirty white coats or workmen with dirty overalls were told to change and reminded that the firm paid the laundry bills. Apprentice mechanics had to sign an agreement that they would keep themselves, their equipment and their place of work spotlessly clean. Once when Ferguson saw a man preparing to leave a dirty job without washing his hands, he asked, "Aren't you going to wash your hands before returning to your work?" The man gazed at his employer with a shocked expression. "Oh, I'm not going to work," he said. "I'm going to lunch."

Sixty of the six hundred employees in Harry Ferguson Limited in Coventry were professional writers, advertisers or statisticians who mass-produced Ferguson's doctrine in the form of letters to the editor, letters to members of parliament, union leaders and farmers' organizations; articles for magazines, newspapers and technical journals; booklets, moving pictures, film strips, slides, lectures, speeches, graphs, tables, charts, campaigns and crusades for everybody who could be persuaded to read, study or join them.

Ferguson checked every word and every figure. One employee said he made it a practice to write paragraphs for display ads in twelve different ways on identical slips of paper. If anyone complained about rewriting Ferguson's reply was, "Look at the trouble we take over one nut and one bolt. Surely you can do the same with one word."

In his band of devotees Ferguson's exactitude caused little resentment for reasons explained by a convert who joined the organization shortly after the war. "Some people might think it irritating for a commander in the Royal Navy to be told, at the age of forty, how to knot his tie and how to fold his handkerchief," he said. "But I soon realized that Mr. Ferguson, at sixty-five, was anxious to pass along to me his long experience at tie knotting and handkerchief folding and other essentials of a well-ordered life."

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Besides, Mr. Ferguson was in the habit of telling everyone from the prime minister down what to do, so who was I to complain?"

Ferguson has exhorted every postwar prime minister to act against inflation and thus avert a wage crisis like that which paralyzed British industry last spring. He once told President Roosevelt that the New Deal was economic nonsense; the right way to recovery was not to spread more money around but to increase buying power by increased production and lower prices. He told the late Ernest Bevin not to nationalize Britain's steel industry because it would stifle competition. He converted Sir Stafford Cripps, chancellor of the exchequer in the postwar Labor government, to the view that the Ferguson tractor could help to balance the dollar budget. Cripps told Standard Motors, which was planning a limited production of tractors for Ferguson, to produce in quantity or he would cut its ration of steel for cars.

Ferguson still bombards public officials, industrialists and editors with letters and propaganda (now prepared by an international public-relations firm). But since he left Massey-Harris-Ferguson his main theme is the need to fight inflation and to bolster the dollar-earning capacity of the British motor industry with the Ferguson car.

Cars and farm machinery have engaged Ferguson since boyhood. Like Henry Ford he left his father's farm at sixteen to work as a mechanic in a garage. Like Ford he raced cars with souped-up engines of his own design. In 1909, after Bleriot flew the English channel, Ferguson designed an airplane but he abandoned aviation in 1911 after a series of near-fatal crashes.

He became interested in agriculture during the first war when he was owner of Harry Ferguson Motors Limited in Belfast, and the government of Northern Ireland, pressed to increase food production, appointed him inspector of farm machinery. He saw then that agriculture, the world's basic industry, was its most backward, and he decided to change it. He soon became known in Belfast as "that Ferguson fellow who has it in for horses." But in his efforts to drive the horse from the farm he found few to encourage him. One of the few was Charles E. Sorensen of the Ford Motor Co., whom he met in England in 1917.

"Had I been able to foresee the consequences of that meeting I would have avoided it," said Sorensen reviewing the events that led to the Ferguson lawsuit in a recently published book, *My Forty Years With Ford*. In 1919 Sorensen invited Ferguson to take his first crude prototype plow to Dearborn to show to Ford. He writes that Ford took one look and said: "Hire him. With that plow we can use him in our business." But Ferguson was not for hire. He returned to Ireland and worked for six more years before going into business with George and Eber Sherman, Ford's largest distributors, in Evansville, Indiana. The Ferguson-Sherman company made plows for use on the Fordson tractor until 1928, when Ford discontinued its manufacture.

By 1935 Ferguson had perfected his own tractor. After failing to interest British manufacturers in it he again went to Ford. He was demonstrating it, he relates, when Ford commanded him to stop. "You've got it," Ford said. "I'm with you as far as you want to go." According to a witness at the patent action after Ford's death, the men agreed to go into business together with no contract but a handclasp. Ford was to manufacture and Ferguson to sell.

Ferguson says that the years between

1939 and 1947, when he was Ford's partner, were "among the happiest of my life." Certainly they were profitable. He sold 306,000 tractors and 944,000 farm implements with gross sales of three hundred and twelve million dollars in spite of steel rationing that at one time cut his output by more than two thirds.

None but the principals know what caused the breach with the Ford Motor Company. Henry Ford II, who succeeded his grandfather, said the Ford Motor Company was losing money on its deal with Ferguson. Ferguson says they want-

ed to manufacture on license and he refused. For whatever reason, Ford terminated the agreement in July 1947 and began marketing a tractor "identical to the Ferguson except for the paint," according to one witness at the suit which Ferguson filed in January 1948. Charging conspiracy to ruin his business, he calculated his losses at eighty millions and sued for the legal limit of three times this amount, plus eleven million for royalties on his patents. When a Ford director first saw the brief he gasped, "My God! The Marshall Plan!"

"I'm not suing Ford and his colossal empire for money," said Ferguson. "It's the principle."

The Ferguson suit was the biggest three-ring circus in legal history. It cost more (about three million dollars), subpoenaed more documents (one million weighing several tons), engaged more lawyers (two hundred), filled more record (equivalent to 2,500 full-length novels), involved more money and more traveling than any other civil suit in an English-speaking court. Ford flew back and forth to London. Ferguson sailed

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back and forth to New York. For several months Ford had to fly daily from Detroit to New York. Witnesses came from New York, Chicago, Detroit, Coventry, Belfast, London and Leamington Spa, near Stratford-on-Avon. At one point the entire district court of New York removed itself to Britain and set up in hotel bedrooms and dining rooms in Belfast, Leamington and London while it took depositions from more than one hundred witnesses who could not be compelled to come to New York.

Ferguson answered sixty thousand questions filling ten thousand, five hundred pages of record. One of his witnesses was on the stand so long that the judge said to counsel for the defense, "Are you proceeding on the assumption that old witnesses never die? This man has been growing old before our eyes." There were charges and counter-charges of bribery and conspiracy and there was even a dramatic suicide. One of Ferguson's witnesses, who had formerly been a Ford employee, jumped to his death from the fourteenth floor of a New York hotel leaving a suicide note: "My head feels tighter than a drum. Can't crucify Ford. Tried hard. We have better product."

In April 1952 the case was finally settled out of court for nine and one quarter million dollars, the largest amount ever granted to a plaintiff in a patent action. Ferguson was mowing the lawn when the news of the settlement reached him. "It's a victory for the small inventor," he said, and continued with his work. Then he finished mowing, went into his fine mansion, ate his usual frugal dinner and went to bed promptly at nine o'clock, a habit from which he never deviates, no matter who is at the dinner table or what the day's drama may have been.

Tractors in the ballroom

One of Ford's accusations was that Ferguson brought the suit for propaganda purposes. Certainly he used it. He hired a public-relations firm in New York, paid a retainer to a news agency in Britain, enlarged his staff in Dearborn and Coventry and managed to plant aspects of the Ferguson doctrine as the answer to drudgery, the horse, poverty, taxes, food subsidies, political unrest, communism, mass starvation and total war in every conceivable kind of journal in nearly every tongue from farm journals to The Times of London.

Ferguson the showman also played his part in publicizing the tractor. During the suit mass production began in England and his American publicists felt it would be appropriate to present the Ferguson tractor, which was small and even dainty compared to conventional makes, at a party in the Crystal ballroom of Claridge's, probably the most aristocratic hostelry in the world. This barbarous suggestion caused the manager to blanch. Coldly he pointed out that Claridge's ballroom was the habitat of princes and potentates but not of farmers and certainly not of their tractors. But the proposition was put to him strongly, on a basis of patriotism, Britain desperately needed dollars, the tractor could earn them and Claridge's, by swallowing its scruples, could play a decisive part. After long and anxious talks, Ferguson's men were informed that they would be permitted to display the tractor on a ten-by-fourteen-foot dais four inches from the floor at one end of the ballroom. But it would have to be dismantled and assembled on the dais. It was not to be seen even at the service entrance.

At the party, as the tractor sat looking

prim and neat but not very businesslike in the glare of two floodlights, certain of the spectators expressed doubt that it was as easy to handle as Ferguson claimed. A reporter from the Soviet Union was downright rude. This was too much for Ferguson. With icy politeness he answered the comrade, then leaped aboard his tractor, which a foresighted public-relations man had filled with gas. Then, to the music of cheers, he waltzed it around the dais in as pretty a display as had ever been seen in Claridge's ballroom. His exit is still a favorite topic of conversation in the servants' quarters. "Clear the way," he called when the dance was over and as the spellbound assembly moved aside he drove the tractor off the dais, across the dance floor — pausing twice to back the plowshare within an inch of the gold brocade curtains — out the door and through the lobby, gracefully skirting astonished knots of knights and ladies foregathered for cocktails. As he bumped down the steps of Claridge's red-carpeted entrance a doorman in velvet, brass buttons and a high silk hat watched him with an expression that seemed to say that the end of the world had finally come.

"Only one stunt could surpass it," commented the Manchester Guardian in an editorial, "and that would be to take the thing to Buckingham Palace and get it presented at Court."

When Ferguson demonstrates his car in public this year the show will probably be as good as this. The results are also liable to be much the same. Immediately after the tractor trot at Claridge's, Ferguson announced an order from the United States for twenty million dollars' worth of tractors. He has already stated that his car can not only solve the present dollar crisis for Britain but also save the British motor industry from ruin by German competition.

A persistent rumor says Ferguson will license his car to any manufacturer who will mass-produce it at a price everybody can afford. Sir Miles Thomas said that the British ministry of transport permitted him to become a director of Harry Ferguson Research Limited while he was still head of BOAC because they considered the Ferguson car so important to the nation. Before he retired from both posts Thomas said the car was a "world beater" and he claimed to have driven it "over ploughed fields, through river beds and actually towed other cars through swamps."

"Who wants a car that will go through mud, snow, sleet, ice, sand, swamps and river beds?" asks another industrialist who has driven it. "Personally, I'd rather drive on the pavement in a Cadillac."

To Ferguson's ear this must sound like a prophetic echo of history repeating itself. When he was trying to convince farmers that his tractor was better than a horse he liked to demonstrate it in an enclosed space and sometimes, when it was raining, in a small tent. At one rainy demonstration a tweedy English gentleman propped on a shooting stick watched him back into the tent, execute a faultless figure eight then plow the ground without leaving a wheel mark. "Miraculous," he murmured. "But the trouble is I don't do my plowing in a tent." ★

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

More stories that wouldn't stay dead



Phillips

We've commented before on the fact that magazine articles these days don't seem to be the perishable commodities they once were. Take **Alan Phillips'** series on the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, which was published in six issues in Maclean's in the summer of 1954. Well, Phillips' book on the force, based on his Maclean's series, has just been published by Little, Brown and Company here and in the U.S. and is soon to be published by Cassells in England. It's titled *The Living Legend*, and it's good reading. Not only that but Crawley Films Ltd., of Ottawa, is planning a half-hour television film series about the Mounties, also sparked by the Maclean's articles.

Which brings us to *Jake and the Kid*, which first saw the light of day in Maclean's in 1942. Since that time we've published fifteen of these stories by **W. O. Mitchell**, the prairie novelist, and, of course, the radio series, adapted originally from our stories, has become an institution. Now comes word that Jake will also become a filmed television series, produced by the National Film Board of Canada, with scripts of course by Mitchell.

Two other books have grown out of Maclean's articles since we last reported on the subject. **Bruce Hutchison's** widely read *Rediscovery of the Unknown Country*, which we commissioned in 1955, will be condensed into book form and published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., of New York, and Longmans, Green, of Toronto. And material from several of **Peter Newman's** lively business biographies will be included in a book scheduled for publication in 1958 by Longmans, Green.

IN THIS ISSUE: **Marjorie Earl**, who tells about Harry Ferguson's plans for a revolutionary new car, is a former Canadian newspaperwoman who spends most of her time free-lancing in London.

She gathered material for the article in England and Canada . . . **Bill Stephenson**, who reports on French-Canadian television, is a former National Film Board writer-director who now freelances from Ottawa where he is in the happy position of watching TV in two languages . . . **Earle Beattie**, who tells the story of the blind boss of Laura Secord chocolates, is a former journalism instructor and now works in the public-relations department of Imperial Oil, Toronto . . .

Edmund Gilligan, author of the novelette, *Look*

Now, Horseman, on page 21, is the well-known outdoors columnist of the N.Y. Herald-Tribune. The story reminds us a lot of **Fred Bodsworth's** memorable *The Last of the Curlews*; again the "hero" isn't a human being but, in this case, a young stallion—and again the fine illustrations are by **Duncan Macpherson**. Like Bodsworth, who's now writing a new novel, titled *The Barnacle of Bara*, Gilligan is a keen naturalist.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE: **Robert Coote**, number two man to **Rex Harrison** tells why he's leaving the Broadway hit musical *My Fair Lady* . . . **Eric Hutton** reports on the case history of a Model T that's still in running condition; it reads like a love story . . . **Alan Phillips** goes back to his home town of Stratford, Ont., to find how Shakespeare has affected it . . . **Hugh Garner** explains with an acid wit why he's sworn off parties . . . **Frank Russell** asks if science is ever going to conquer the bloodthirsty black fly . . . and Montreal's **Robert Ayre** offers another of his funny fables.

Hutchison



Mitchell



Earl

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Stephenson



Beattie

Coote

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How to cure male moochers

When the spring sniffles struck a Saskatoon steno she set a box of tissues within reach on the corner of her desk, but it turned out to be within reach of every man in the office as they passed by and everybody else had the sniffles, too. After she got tired saying, "Be my guest," to everyone from the boss to the office boy, and after the box dwindled to nothing in

studied the cedar chest with deepening suspicion. "I mean back there in the next car." And there he was, waiting patiently in line behind his bride, with another load of wedding loot which the two of them were driving in their two cars to their new apartment in Toronto.

* * *

If you have a question that needs answering and you live in Toronto, the information desk at the central reference library is glad to help you anytime—just drop in or telephone. The information girls always cite their authority before giving the desired facts, and the other day when a woman telephoned to clarify a point of etiquette the librarian looked it up and then said, "This is Emily Post, and . . ."

"Why, Mrs. Post, I had no idea you were in Toronto!" exclaimed the questioner. "Isn't this wonderful being able to find out directly from you?"

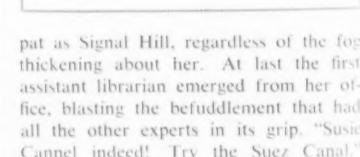
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As some kind of a footnote to the report of the Fowler commission on broadcasting and the endless companion debate on the state of Canadian culture, comes this dispatch from the B.C. interior. Local radio stations (independents) never carry the Saturday afternoon opera performances that originate in New York, but Okanagan opera lovers are a determined sort. At least, two of them are—a fellow and his wife who all opera season packed a lunch every Saturday and drove their panel truck twenty-six miles to Oliver where there is a booster station for CBUT Vancouver. Even the booster doesn't penetrate the mountain baffle from Oliver to Penticton, but if you park in the peace and quiet of the deserted Oliver ball park, practically within sight of the station, it comes in fine while you sit back and munch your sandwiches and enjoy grand opera in complete relaxation—in the front of a panel truck.

* * *

It was somewhere between London, Ont., and Toronto that a provincial policeman stopped a string of half a dozen cars and waved them to the side of the road for a routine check of lights, brakes and general running condition. When he asked the young woman driving alone in the first car for her name, she told him, then stammered and corrected herself and explained she'd just been married. "My husband's back there," she gasped in some confusion, pointing over her shoulder. The policeman peered curiously into the back seat, saw nothing but a large cedar chest wedged across the rear cushions, shook his head and peered again. "No, no, no!" exclaimed the bride in consternation as the officer

* * *



pat as Signal Hill, regardless of the fog thickening about her. At last the first assistant librarian emerged from her office, blasting the befuddle that had all the other experts in its grip. "Susie Cannel indeed! Try the Suez Canal."

* * *

A government can't be too careful in an election year. A lot of those new five-cent stamps showing a hunter aiming his gun at whatever his pointer is pointing at are being cautiously overprinted with a cancellation stamp that says "Conserve Canada's wildlife."

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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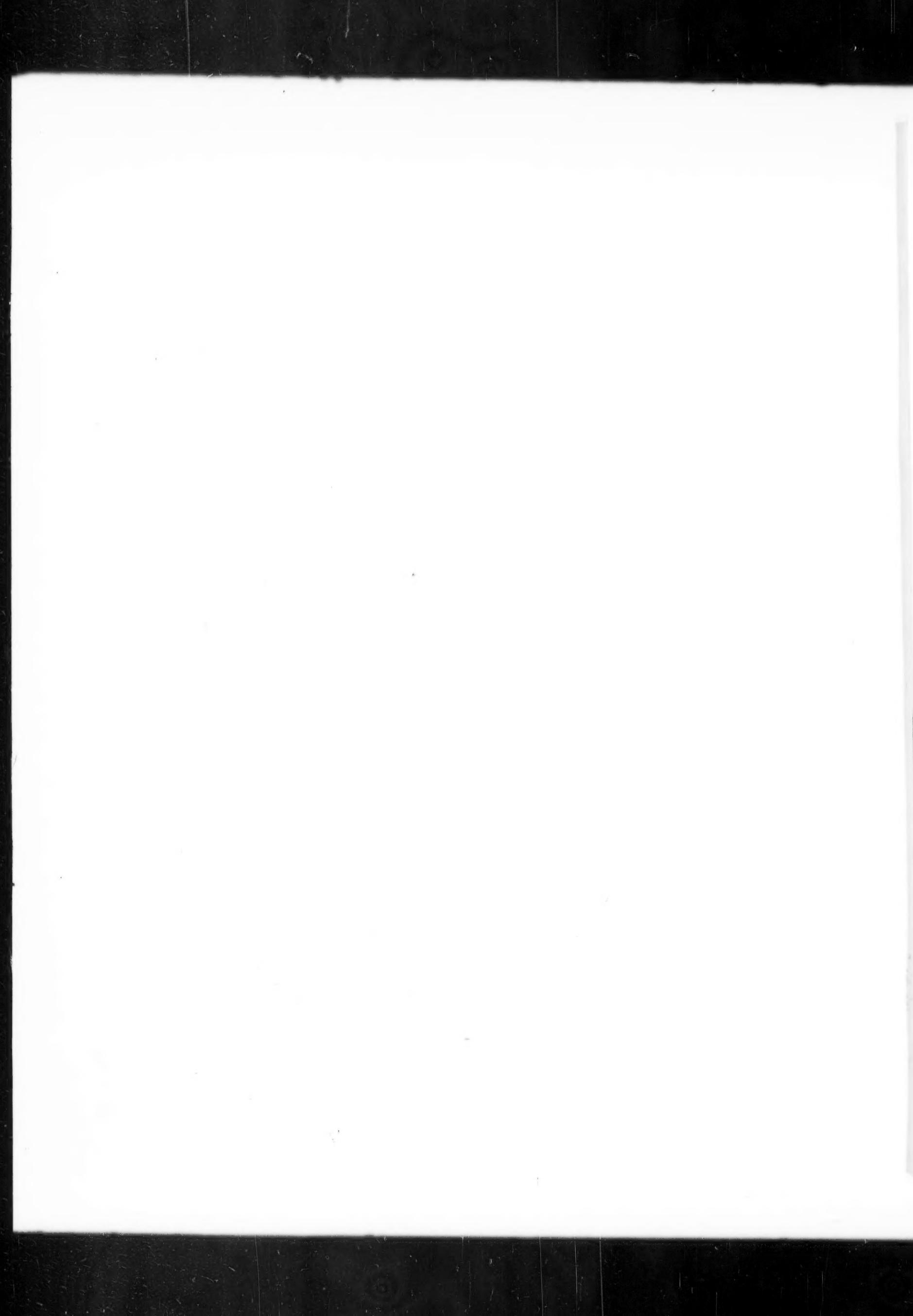
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